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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1925 No. 3141

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

IT IS NOT FOR THE LAYMAN to decide whether the navy's great airship Shenandoah perished, and wiped out fourteen lives, through unavoidable accident or through human fault; but it is equally not his place to permit the Washington bureaucracy to smother the facts with a fictitious inquiry and nationalistic propaganda designed to lead the public to "carry on." The layman must not cease to demand a thorough investigation and should refuse to accept any report that bears evidence of concealment or superficiality. The charges of that stormy petrel of aviation, Colonel William Mitchell, are, so far, merely charges, and it is a pity that he should have mixed with them a plea for his hobby of an air service separate from the Army and Navy departments. Nevertheless, Colonel Mitchell is a sincere and intelligent student of aviation, and it is undeniable that the navy has been historically dilatory and timid in taking up new devices. It is also to be noted that Colonel Mitchell's most specific charge of error in regard to the Shenandoah—too few valves for the helium gas bags—is also made by Captain Anton Heinen, who helped in building the airship. The destruction of the Shenandoah, together with the fiasco of the airplane flight from San Francisco to Hawaii and the loss of one of the machines with its crew, is a severe blow to the prestige of the navy. *The Nation* is not greatly interested in the politics of the situation—it is opposed to the whole program of war preparations, in the air, on the water, or on the land—but it is vitally concerned that our aviators be not needlessly sacrificed and it wants to see America take a leading place in developing aviation as a means of peaceful world communication.

WHEN THE SHENANDOAH fell thousands of newspaper readers assured themselves: "These airships aren't much good; no matter how strong they are built, some gale will get them." And certainly there were some to add that such unnatural means of locomotion are against nature and contrary to the will of God. The grandparents of these persons said the same thing about the steam railroad, the ship propelled by steam, the horseless carriage, the telephone, the wireless. In spite of them, of course, these inventions were perfected and have become accepted assets of our civilization; in spite of them experiments with lighter-than-air craft will be continued and, although the problems to be confronted are immensely greater with airships than with trains anchored solidly to steel rails or even steamboats held up by the sometimes inconstant ocean, the airship will, in the course of years, doubtless be improved and made moderately safe for ordinary travel—as safe as the modern express train, which also has its catastrophes. Meanwhile, those who perished with the broken Shenandoah have joined the great army of those who have died in the cause of invention; they are still dying and will always die as long as science keeps moving, which is to say as long as the human race endures.

RENÉ VIVIANI, who died in Paris on September 7, was one of the most impassioned and eloquent of orators. In 1917 American audiences, which could not understand a word he said, were none the less carried off their feet by the torrential flow of his language and its apparent sincerity. He was, therefore, well picked to do his share in "selling the war" to a deceived and ignorant American public when he came over in 1917 as joint head, with Marshal Joffre, of the French delegation. For he put every ounce of his personality into his words and he burned truly with a "sacred flame" which came near to genius. But he was merely a vain and shifty politician with one extraordinary gift. It was France's misfortune that he was premier in 1914, but before then France had been so enmeshed by the Franco-Russian intrigues that it is doubtful if any of the prominent political figures of the day could have done much to head off the catastrophe. When the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia saw the light of day both Viviani and Poincaré—France's Machiavellian President—were in Petrograd bent on still further intrigues with the Russians against the peace of Europe. It is also a fact that when the declaration of war reached Paris Viviani, the head of the ministry, could not be located for some hours; history has kindly failed to lift the curtain as to his whereabouts at that fateful moment. For a year he carried on the government, but his forte was never that of an executive. His talent lay in his marvelous voice and that extraordinary passion of utterance which no one will forget who ever heard him at his best.

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"MOSUL MEANS OIL," M. Briand cried in the French Chamber five years ago. M. Briand was in 1920 chastising Clemenceau for letting Lloyd George trick him out of the Mosul oil area. In 1925 the British are still trying to keep their control over the Mosul oil-fields. When Turkey and Great Britain came to the verge of war about Mosul, peace was concluded by referring the question to the "impartial" arbitrament of the League of Nations, which sent out a commission of inquiry. Mosul is now in the gentle hands of British officials trained in India. While the League's commission was nosing around Mosul a pro-Turk crowd shouted "Long live Turkey!" Looking behind him Count Teleki, chairman of the commission, saw policemen beating the pro-Turks with sticks, while an English police officer looked on unconcerned. Others who demonstrated for the wrong side were imprisoned. The commission sagely concluded that a plebiscite would be meaningless. Mosul includes many Turks and some Arabs, but it is chiefly populated by Kurds, a wild people who care for neither Turk nor Arab. (British rule in Mosul disguises itself as Arab rule, acting through the puppet kingdom of Irak.) The embarrassed commission finally concluded that if the League would prolong the British mandate over Irak—due, according to treaty, to expire in four years—for twenty-five years, to give time for "stability" to grow up, Mosul had best go to Irak; otherwise it might be carved up and divided between Irak (England) and Turkey. The British have generously consented to extend the mandate for the necessary twenty-five years. The decision is not surprising. Mosul still means oil.

IN 1860 THE DRUSES left the coast of Syria and trekked back into the interior in order to get away from the French, whom they hated. In 1919, in accordance with the war-time bargain secretly made with the British, the French came into possession of inland Syria, including the territory occupied by the Druses. The Druses revolted, but were defeated. They revolted again in 1920, in 1921, in 1922, and in 1924. How the French handle these revolts may be understood by citing one of their own Syrian communiqués of 1921:

> Colonel Rocrou's column left Damascus on June 23. It arrived at Kuneitra on June 26. The towns of Jabanal, El Karbab, Soumatié, Trank, Majhar, and Shihani, which had harbored the criminals [rebels] of Kuneitra, thereby rendering themselves accomplices, were destroyed by order of the High Commissioner. The property of their inhabitants was sequestered, and each town was condemned to pay an indemnity of from 50 to 100 gold pounds.
>
> At Jabanal, El Kashale, Artania, and Trank the column destroyed 17 camels on June 27. On June 28 it went to Niejdel Shams, Jelbat, El Set. On June 30 it returned to Kuneitra and sold all the confiscated goods.

By treaty in 1923 France guaranteed the autonomy of their state, the Jebel. But the French governor, Captain Carbillet, who had served his colonial apprenticeship in Senegal, has repeatedly violated that agreement. This year's revolt began with a request that he be replaced. When that was refused the Druses rose, capturing all but 70 of the force of 200 men garrisoning their capital, Soueida. A week later they defeated a relief column of 5,000 men, wounding 600 and killing or capturing 500. The Druses now demand as a condition of peace that the French rebuild the villages their airplanes have destroyed.

MOTION-PICTURE HOUSES are showing pictures of the American "heroes" who are fighting with the French in Morocco. Doubtless these boys are brave, but it is bravery in a sorry cause. Possibly they think that they are fighting in the cause of "peace" and "civilization"; but what do they think of civilization when it sends them flying forth to drop bombs on native herds and villages? They call their group the Lafayette Escadrille; what relation do they think that this business of bombing Africans into submission bears to the mission of Lafayette, who fought to help free America from the British? Every day the dispatches give new evidence of the dirty character of this warfare. From the New York *Times* we select, almost at random, this story:

> The submitted tribesmen . . . have returned home to find their houses stripped bare by tribesmen whose loyalty to the French was rewarded with the right to pillage. The Ghiatia tribe living around Taza thus plundered the Tsouls and the Tsouls got revenge by plundering the Branes, who are now awaiting their turn to plunder the rebel tribes north of them. This makes each submitted tribe eager to march against its neighbors.

The dispatch also speaks of the "hostages" exacted by the French from each rebel family. Civilization indeed! The adventurous boys who are helping the French in Africa are serving a civilization which has gone rotten.

IN FRANCE AND IN GERMANY political lines are melting and reforming. Ex-Chancellor Wirth, long the leader of the great Centrist (Catholic) Party in Germany, has resigned from his party. In the chaos of Germany's many political parties the Centrum has had to decide for Left or for Right. Neither the Nationalists and People's Party men of the Right nor the Socialists and Democrats of the Left were strong enough to govern without the Catholics; their support has made possible the conservative policy of recent months. While in foreign affairs Germany has in general continued in the fulfilment policy of Wirth's Cabinet, reaction has had its way in domestic affairs. The recent tax law is hailed by the Nationalists themselves as putting an end to the tax reforms of the revolutionary days of 1918-1919, and the new tariff recalls the Wilhelmine era when the Junkers maintained high prices for their crops by setting high duties on foodstuffs. Wirth cannot belong to a party which makes such a policy possible, but how far his revolt will spread remains to be seen. Meanwhile in France the Socialists have definitely broken with the Painlevé Government. They are still willing to support a liberal bourgeois Government such as Herriot's was, but Painlevé's policy in Morocco and Caillaux's tax policy are too much for them. When the Chamber reassembles they will vote against the Briand-Caillaux-Painlevé combination, and if it remains in office it will have to seek its support still further to the Right. Herriot, who helped put Painlevé in office, is left in a fix.

THE RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, NEWSPAPERS have given generous columns of praise and description to the recent convention of the colored Elks in that city. The convention was enormous—larger than Richmond's total colored population. These thousands were housed, entertained, fed, and the convention itself conducted without a single hitch. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* spoke with special approval of the organizing capacity of M. A. Norrell,

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which "put to shame all previous arrangements for any convention ever held in Richmond by white or colored people." No strain in friendly relations was reported. During the great parade white people with houses on the line of march gave up porches and windows to the relatives and friends of the paraders. The concert, at which the four leading bands competed for honors, was crowded with a mixed audience. There was no race disorder, no friction, no rudeness reported from Richmond during the convention. If the city prided itself a little noisily on its successful adventure in friendly race relations, if a trace of surprise or condescension could be detected in its praise of the Negro Elks and their leaders, no one should seriously object. The more the white South boasts of a genuine goodwill toward the Negro the better for both races.

PUSSYFOOTING HAS BEEN CANONIZED as a national virtue in this country. Bitter newspaper rivals speak politely of one another, and political candidates are supposed to refer to their "honored adversaries" as if they really honored them. It is considered bad form to heckle a public speaker—an incidental result of which sober convention is the utter dulness of American political speeches. A man was arrested in St. Louis last month for calling John Roach Straton a liar. It was otherwise in frontier days. Newspaper leader-writers sometimes comment on the change as a development of good manners; it is also an indication that people care less about political issues than they used to. When men really care, really believe that political issues are important, they say what they think of their opponents and call lies lies. We like it when "Al" Smith asks Mr. Hearst's editor to "notify Mr. Hearst that I say that [Hearst's statement] is a deliberate, wicked, unfounded lie," and continues "Mr. Hearst has the nerve of a Bengal tiger to be loafing in the splendor and grandeur of his palatial estate on the Pacific Coast and attempting to dictate the politics of the greatest city in the world." We like it, and we think that if "Al" Smith carries on he may succeed in making American politics interesting.

AT THE RIGHT, WALL STREET. At the left, a Chinese port, little square-sailed Chinese junks filling the harbor. And marching across the page—from Wall Street to China—American marines. It sounds like one of those "fantasies" for which *The Nation* is so often condemned when it warns of the danger of American imperialism. It appears in the *Nation's Business*, the organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, issue for September, pages 18 and 19. The inscription beneath reads:

> It's all very well to talk of New York as the center of international finance, but—is our Government going to change its policy and protect American interests abroad? During such convulsions as shake China, for instance?

The pictures illustrate an article by W. L. Clause, chairman of the board of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, expressing doubts regarding the wisdom of the bankers in lending so much money to European countries. "The world has grown to take it for granted," Mr. Clause remarks, "that the British fleet is ready to protect an Englishman or his interests, wherever situated. Is our Government ready to take a similar position?" He may sleep quietly o' nights. The American Government is ready. It is on the job. American marines are policing the streets of Shanghai today; within a decade they have landed in at least eight Latin-American republics. The picture of the marines sent by Wall Street to China is more than a manufacturer's dream; it is American history.

THE NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE* of a recent date printed an advertisement for an office assistant. We should like to help fill this position if anyone can be found who will suit. So we print herewith the necessary qualifications; it is specifically requested that no one apply who is not possessed of all of them. The candidate, who may write to H5 *Herald Tribune*, Harlem, must be

A lady;
Twenty-five years old;
An Episcopalian;
Of American parentage for two generations;
A first-class stenographer and typist;
Without rouge;
Without sleeveless gowns;
Without bobbed hair.

We once heard of a young woman who would have fitted this description, but if we remember rightly she married a missionary and was later eaten by cannibals. We have never heard of another; and if such a young woman does exist we doubt if H5's offer would attract her. She could do better in the side-show of a circus. H5 offers $25 a week.

What China Asks

IT has taken the powers almost two months and a half to answer China's note of June 24 following the disturbances in Shanghai and elsewhere. During that time they have carried on negotiations among themselves to arrive at a unanimous position in regard to the Chinese demands and—what is even more important—a unanimous manner and tone of voice. The result is a colorless compromise between the amiability supposed to characterize the United States and the gruff, colonial-imperialist attitude of Great Britain. The note is polite but cautious; it commits the nine powers accepting the agreement of 1922 to nothing more concrete than further investigation and discussion along the lines laid down by the Washington Conference. The powers have learned little from recent events.

What China wants, in general, is freedom—freedom from every sort of foreign interference, suppression, and uninvited advice, not to mention actual foreign control and sovereignty. What she wants more especially and immediately is a modification of foreign customs regulations and the abolition of extraterritoriality. The powers meet these demands with nothing but polite generalities and counter-demands.

They are "prepared to consider the Chinese Government's proposal for the modification of existing treaties in measure as the Chinese authorities demonstrate their willingness and ability to fulfil their obligations and to assure the protection of foreign rights and interests now safeguarded by the exceptional provisions of those treaties." This means in plain terms that the powers have not the slightest intention of doing anything until they are absolutely forced to. They know as well as the Chinese themselves do that domestic tranquillity is forever impossible in

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the face of continued foreign control. China must have independence before it is able to obtain the prestige, the power, and the financial strength to combat internal disorder and decentralization. Such words are plainly provocative.

The powers admit that foreign tariff control may have become burdensome to China and they declare themselves willing to appoint delegates to the Special Conference on Chinese Tariff Matters provided for in the treaty of February 6, 1922, and to discuss a revision of the treaties. But even this modest proposal to carry out promises more than three years old will be taken up only upon evidence of a mending of China's fiscal ways. As for relinquishing extraterritoriality, the powers are ready to form a commission to proceed to China and determine "what, if any, steps may be taken"—a phrase which is repeated twice over as if to insure its irritating effect.

This note is nothing more than a reiteration of the intentions voiced at the Washington Conference—and forgotten as soon as it was over. Perhaps one should be thankful that it is nothing less. The British press in China and many of the foreign merchants of all nationalities have been howling for intervention, which would mean endless bloodshed and the likelihood of extending foreign control still further.

And now resentment has again flared into open protest which, as before, has ended in death and disorder. Three Chinese were killed by British police in Shanghai on September 7 in the course of a demonstration which began in the Chinese city and proceeded peacefully through the French concession only to be blocked when it entered the International Settlement. According to the fragmentary accounts at hand, the police shoved the crowd back to the edge of the French concession and "it was here that the shooting took place." The police reserves were ordered out and the Shanghai Volunteer Corps got ready for action. Since no impartial inquiry has ever been made into the circumstances of the previous Shanghai shootings, it is not to be expected that this latest affair will be investigated or the guilty persons punished. But native anger will raise new protests, new disorders will occur, and new murders will doubtless be committed. The end will be bloodshed and lasting enmity unless—well, unless the powers meet the situation with something more than the futile gestures of conciliation contained in their recent note.

China can never be terrorized into submission. In the past it has been cajoled and put off with promises, but even that chance has gone. China is self-conscious and determined and angry; even its less politically minded classes have been roused to bitterness. It wants no more discussion regarding "what, if any, steps may be taken." It has decided what steps must be taken, and behind this decision is the incalculable power of China's economic strength. The powers have been stirred to a semblance of action by the killing of a couple of students and the protest of their comrades; by a strike in Shanghai and a few anti-foreign outbreaks in other cities. But China has only begun to protest. Will the powers meet her demands with machine-guns and empty words? Will they let events sweep past them and make every concession too late to have it do any good? If the British dominate future negotiations—as they seem to have dominated the recent ones—there is small hope of a peaceful solution.

The Evidence of Things Seen

A NEW Dr. Stockman, unmindful of the fate of his predecessor, has arisen in Denmark. Demanding that a certain small town shall destroy its chief source of income in the interests of truth, he, too, is finding that the defender of the ideal is more likely than not to seem to the practically minded an enemy of the people. This time, however, it is not polluted baths but suspicious relics about which the controversy centers. The town is Elsinore and the subject the most famous prince ever produced in that region.

For some years, so it seems, tourists have flocked to view the castle of Kronborg, where the ghost of Hamlet's father made night hideous, to gaze with respect upon the pyramid which marks the grave of Hamlet himself, and to drop a tear into the waters of "Ophelia's Well." The burghers have prospered, and so far as is known no tourist has ever complained that he had not got his money's worth in spite of the fact that a little antiquarian research would reveal three facts: first, that the castle was completed in 1585, some centuries after the date assigned to Hamlet by students of Saxo-Grammaticus, the earliest known recorder of his legend; second, that the pyramid was constructed in the eighteenth century; and, third, that the connection of Ophelia with the well in question is decidedly dubious. Now a native has arisen to suggest that the monument over the grave be destroyed and the visitor generally disillusioned. The result, of course, is a raging controversy. Johannes Jensen, known in this country as the author of "The Long Journey," thinks it "unworthy of a cultured nation" to encourage fraud; but hotel-keepers and the like are not so enthusiastic in their devotion to pure truth.

It is no new thing to discover that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark and no new thing, for that matter, to find relics not at all what they should be. Though we are not quite so credulous as once we were, we are still credulous enough, and those who embark upon a pilgrimage do not generally risk their pleasure by demanding too rigid proof of the authenticity of things admired. Doubtless we should be a little more skeptical than were those Crusaders who bought without question great quantities of precious Christian relics from the pagans and flooded Europe with so many fragments of the Holy Tree, bits of the crown of thorns, and similar bric-a-brac that Mark Twain was forced to complain of having been called upon to admire enough different nails from the True Cross to fill a keg. Doubtless, too, we should not value as highly as did Pope Innocent VII the lance, sent him by Bajazet, with which Longinus was said to have pierced the side of Christ, nor quite understand the spirit in which Alexander VI received a tunic worn by Jesus which, so documents state, had been sent him by the same Sultan in part payment for a promise to murder Prince Djem. Yet it is still customary in England to point out the oldest portion of any castle as "Caesar's Tower"; one may learn some strange bits of history from a Parisian guide; and the director of classical studies in the American Academy at Rome once confessed to us his delight in frequenting the Forum for the purpose of seeing the remarkable bits pointed out by Italian guides.

As for America, there is Leif Ericson's Tower on the river Charles, to say nothing of the vast number of beds in which Washington slept and the flock of houses which served

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as "headquarters" during the Revolution. In certain parts of Illinois there is scarcely a village which does not boast of a roof under which Lincoln, when he was riding the circuit, spent the night. Doubtless it would not be too difficult for an energetic denizen of the Catskills to lure passing strangers to the precise spot where Rip Van Winkle spent 7,305 nights. Worm-eaten bowling-barrels, a musket rusted almost beyond recognition, and a decayed dog-collar might be exhibited not without effect. Who knows where Pocahontas saved John Smith or where Hiawatha did his wooing? Doubtless someone says he does, and is profiting by it.

To enjoy such things one needs only that temporary suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith, and so, on the whole, we are rather on the side of the innkeepers in the present case. Actual facts are important to antiquarians and with their integrity we would not tamper, but anyone who can be made seriously to believe that an eighteenth-century pyramid was built by a contemporary of Hamlet will never be an antiquarian anyway. As the Duke of Wellington said to a man who rushed up to him at a reception with the words "Mr. Muggins, I believe," "A man who will believe that will believe anything." We suggest that the custodian at Elsinore exhibit to his visitors both "the skull of Hamlet when he was a man" and "the skull of Hamlet when he was a little boy." The visitors will believe him.

He Built Ships

FAME, it has often been observed, is a fickle jade. She applauds generals who lead thousands to slaughter or to be slaughtered; she crowns with laurel politicians who fool the people with quack or opportunist statecraft; she illumines with her spotlight railroad manipulators, Wall Street gamblers, prize-fighters, and millionaires who have become such through the sale of patent medicines. But how often does she glorify the true builders of the world, the men who in various ages have been responsible for the distinctive contributions of their eras to civilization?

How many Americans, for example, have ever heard of Donald McKay? Few indeed of those whose heroes have been created for them by our school histories and our daily newspapers. Yet McKay was one of the true and great builders of American civilization. He built ships. He not only built ships but he built the greatest ships of our greatest period of ship-building and ship-sailing. He was the builder preeminent of the clipper-ship era of the middle of the past century, when America held the world's pennant for the mightiest and the speediest vessels afloat.

McKay did his best work about three-quarters of a century ago and has been dead for forty-five years, but he has never been nationally commemorated, and only today is an effort under way to erect a memorial to him in Boston. In Boston it should be because it was there that he built most of his ships and that city's reputation on the seas is predominantly due to his genius and industry. In connection with the effort to raise a memorial, there is an exhibition in the Marine Museum in the Old State House in Boston of models of some of McKay's more famous vessels, so that at last a measure of public recognition may come to a man to whom it is long overdue.

McKay, although contributing so much to American ship-building, was not a native of the United States. He was a "Bluenose," born in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, of Scotch ancestry, but he emigrated to New York City while still in his teens and served a ten-year apprenticeship there in ship-building. Then he established a yard of his own in Newburyport, Massachusetts, removing soon after to Boston, where in 1846 he turned out the New World, whose 1,404 tons made her the largest merchantman of her time. McKay was not the originator of the clipper hull. It is a question to whom that honor should go. The clipper hull, like many other milestones of progress, was an evolution to which a number of persons contributed. The Rainbow, owned by William H. Aspinwall, one of the pioneer tea merchants of New York City, was perhaps the first authentic clipper ship. Her water-line was concave instead of convex both at the bow and the stern, and the great speed which she showed doomed thenceforth the "cod's head and mackerel tail" which had been the technique of ship-builders up to that time. But although McKay did not originate the clipper ship he was the man who made it famous. A couple of years after the launching of the New World gold was discovered in California, and ship-owners were besieged and beseeched to carry prospectors to El Dorado—and carry them fast. Some 160 ships were built in four years. It was a golden era for ship-builders and ship-owners as well as for gold diggers.

McKay's first notable contribution to the Cape Horn-California fleet was the famous Flying Cloud. She raced the Challenge, commanded by the notorious "Bully" Waterman, to San Francisco, and won by nineteen days. In spite of a mutinous crew and of twice carrying away considerable portions of her rigging, she made the passage in eighty-nine days, a record never bettered by a sailing-ship, although the Comet later covered the course in the opposite direction—for which the prevailing winds are more favorable—in six days' less time. In the summer of 1852 McKay gave to the waters the Sovereign of the Seas. She measured 2,421 tons, a new record in size. She was sent out to San Francisco in command of Lauchlin McKay, a brother of the builder. She made some remarkable passages, including one from New York to Liverpool when for five successive days she outran the steamship Canada of the Cunard Line, in all by 325 miles. In 1853 McKay surpassed himself for size; in the Great Republic, of 4,555 tons, he built the hugest of the clipper ships. She was a four-masted bark, spreading more than 15,000 square yards of canvas. But she was so big that no ship-owner wanted to buy her and McKay had to operate the vessel himself.

McKay's greatest triumph in speed was in the celebrated Lightning, which he built for the Australian Black Ball Line of James Baines in 1854. Under "Bully" Forbes, who coined the slogan "Melbourne or Hell in sixty days," the Lightning made phenomenal passages, but never accomplished the boast of her skipper. Previous to this, however, the Lightning had established herself as the world's fastest sailing vessel for all time by a run of 436 miles in twenty-four hours, an average of more than eighteen miles an hour, a speed of which no steamship of that day was capable. The James Baines, which was launched soon after the Lightning, was probably actually as fleet. She never quite equaled the Lightning in a twenty-four-hour run, but her log credited her at one time with a speed of twenty-one miles an hour—a marvelous performance for a craft borne by the wind.

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King Calvin

DOES Calvin Coolidge think that he is King of the United States or a Fascist dictator, à la Mussolini? His attempt to dismiss Bert E. Haney, Democratic member of the United States Shipping Board, is a serious matter. It is another chapter in the shocking story which United States Senator George W. Norris tells on another page of this issue of *The Nation.*

President Coolidge telegraphed on August 27 to Commissioner Haney:

> It having come to my attention that you are proposing to remove Admiral Palmer contrary to the understanding I had with you when I reappointed you, your resignation from the United States Shipping Board is hereby requested.

Mr. Haney, in the first place, denies having made any pre-appointment bargain with Calvin Coolidge; and, in the second place, he gives several cogent reasons which, he thinks, are sufficient basis for seeking to remove Admiral Palmer from his post in the Emergency Fleet Corporation. But these are secondary questions. The shocking thing in this matter is President Coolidge's presumption that he has a royal right to lay down pre-appointment conditions for prospective members of federal commissions and boards, and thus to dictate their course of action. Mr. Haney was perfectly right in replying to the President with this stinging rebuke:

> Obviously, Mr. President, to have given you any such promise as that implied by your telegram would have amounted to a total disregard of my oath of office and my obligation to Congress, whose sole agent I am. Such a promise and disregard of my official oath and the consummation of such an understanding would have obligated me to support the administration of the Merchant Marine Act by the president of the Fleet Corporation, however inefficient, notwithstanding the fact that the law imposed upon me, as a commissioner of the Shipping Board, the duty to support and maintain an efficient administration.
>
> The board, when once appointed by the President in conformity with the statute, is an independent agency of the United States Government and is vested by the statute with large and important discretionary powers which the members thereof are compelled to exercise independently of any other governmental agency so long as the law is in force, and, with the exception of the power of removal for causes specified in the act, the members of the board are responsible only to the legislative body.

For a member of the Shipping Board to disregard his own judgment and accept dictation even from the President of the United States would constitute, as Mr. Haney says, a violation of his oath of office. Yet that is what Calvin Coolidge asked Bert E. Haney to do. The Shipping Board is not a marine secretariat attached to the office of the President; it is an independent agency, and its powers and functions are prescribed by act of Congress, duly signed by the then President. Provision was made to include in it members of the two great political parties and representatives of the different sections of the country. This was done for the purpose of insuring variety of view and independence of argument. It is a dangerous thing when the President of the United States makes secret bargains with men whom he appoints to office. Mr. Haney was named as a Democrat, and the theory of the law requiring the nomination of a Democrat was that the Democrat would frequently disagree with his Republican colleagues. Mr. Coolidge does not want him to disagree. He wants "safe" Democrats, Democrats who cannot be distinguished from Coolidge Republicans. He wants to nullify the purpose of the law.

If this were an isolated instance it might be reasonable to pass it by as a blunder. But Mr. Coolidge has demonstrated by his actions in other cases that it is more than a blunder. It is his policy. He wants to destroy the independence of the federal commissions, and make them do his will—big business's will. Not merely Mr. Coolidge but a dangerously large section of the American public approves this Fascist policy, this nullification of the laws of the country. Senator Norris's article in this issue of *The Nation* might well be entitled Calvin Coolidge Bores from Within. It recounts other instances in which President Coolidge has misused his power of appointment to pack the federal commissions with men opposed to the policies which they are required by law to carry out.

Senator Norris's is a moderate and restrained article, but it has a curious history. It was not written originally for *The Nation;* it was composed at the request of the Washington representative of another New York magazine, who read it, praised it, and said that the country needed that kind of plain speaking. When the article reached the editor in New York, however, it was rejected. It then went to another so-called "progressive" magazine, whose editor commented that while "personally" he would like to print it he felt that the tide of public opinion was running too strong in the other direction. Here again is a revelation of the unseen danger which threatens the country. Not only do leaders of public opinion want to see the President nullify the constitutional powers of Congress, but they have so frightened and cowed the public that even so-called progressive editors do not dare to point out the danger. "The tide is running in the other direction," and these editors fear the possible loss of circulation which might come if they buck it. They are precisely like the politicians they condemn, who look for the bandwagon of popular issues and jump aboard, regardless of their own beliefs and records.

Bert Haney has refused to resign, and the President cannot remove him except for malfeasance, neglect, or incompetence, of which he is not accused. The President can and, it may be assumed, will refuse to reappoint him. But Bert Haney's fate is not particularly important except as a symbol. The American people have an issue to face—the issue between the kind of Fascism which big business wants and the democracy provided for in the Constitution and expressed through Congress. Mussolini is Prime Minister, Minister of War, Minister of the Navy, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in Italy. There is not a board or bureau in Italy that would dare dispute or argue with him, and the Italian Parliament is a joke. Do our business men and the editors who lambaste Congress for having opinions of its own want to remake America on the model of Mussolini's Italy? Or will the people insist upon agents with opinions of their own?

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Boring from Within

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

LAWS enacted for the protection of life and property and for the regulation of transportation and business are of no value and of no effect if the executive department of government fails or neglects to enforce them. Recent executive appointments, made ostensibly for the purpose of giving effect to legislative acts of Congress, have raised a query in the minds of millions of law-abiding citizens as to whether a studied effort is not under way to put into office executive officials who are not honestly in sympathy with the enforcement of many of our regulatory laws. Appointments recently made to the Interstate Commerce Commission, to the Federal Trade Commission, and the action of the Executive with regard to the Tariff Commission, together with the appointment of Mr. Warren to be the head of the Department of Justice, all indicate that it is the intention of the present Administration to place representatives of so-called "big business" in charge of all the activities of the federal government. I do not charge that any of the men appointed to the various positions are dishonest or incompetent, but without exception so far as I know every appointee has been some one who has no sympathy with the various acts of Congress passed for the purpose of regulating different activities but on the other hand believes that there should be practically no restraining hand placed upon trusts and monopolies.

The appointment of Mr. Warren as Attorney General would under ordinary circumstances have shocked the sensibilities of all our citizens. Virtually all his business life had been spent—very profitably spent—in carrying on the activities of the Sugar Trust. It stands uncontradicted that he, more than any other one man, was instrumental in organizing sugar factories in parts of the West in accordance with the wishes and the desires of Mr. Havemeyer, the head of the great Sugar Trust. These activities had ceased only a very short time before his appointment. It is fresh yet in the minds of all people that but a few years ago the Sugar Trust was engaged in a gigantic and stupendous scheme to deprive the government of millions of revenue. Both the producers of sugar beets and the consumers of sugar have been for many years more or less subject to the iniquities and the manipulations of this gigantic trust. The anti-trust law was passed to save the people of the country, both producers and consumers, from the manipulations of such unholy organizations as this. To appoint one of the representatives of this gigantic monopoly as the head of the great Department of Justice, whose duty it is to protect the people from this wrong and to prosecute those who are guilty of violating the anti-trust laws, is, in every practical sense, a nullification of these laws, as effective as a repeal by act of Congress.

The appointment of Mr. Woodlock as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission was another illustration of this scheme. Although the Senate had twice refused to confirm him, he was given a recess appointment and is now a member of that great commission. It is no secret that he is a railroad man. Everybody understands his viewpoint. His connection with the *Wall Street Journal* and his official connection with some of the great railroads of the country absolutely disqualify him in every moral sense from holding a position on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Let us ask ourselves: What is the excuse for the existence of the Interstate Commerce Commission? The original act came as the result of years of agitation, a demand almost unanimous on the part of shippers and consumers all over the Republic, that the railroads should be regulated; in response to that just and fair sentiment Congress passed the law providing for the Interstate Commerce Commission. The only excuse for the existence of the commission is fairly and honestly to regulate the railroads so that they will not be able to take advantage of the millions of our citizens who must contribute to their support whether they desire to do so or not. Every human being in a civilized nation like ours has a direct interest in the regulation of railroads. Regardless of occupation or business, all of us who eat food or wear clothes must pay our proportionate share of the freight; and in addition to these millions there are the other millions of producers who are taxed by transportation charges upon everything they produce and must sell. This charge, it is true, cannot be eliminated. No honest man desires to eliminate it; but every honest citizen, regardless of his occupation or business, is interested and is anxious that the charge shall be just and fair. Assuming then that the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission was a wise provision of law, where is the man who would dare to say that after it is established it should be turned over to the very railroads that it is intended to regulate? This is in effect an absolute nullification of the law itself. If the railroads needed regulation—and the establishment of the commission assumes that—then fair, honest administration of the law would under no circumstances turn the management of the commission over to the very corporation that the commission is intended to regulate.

No charge of dishonesty is made against Mr. Woodlock. As far as I know he is able, and I presume he is perfectly conscientious, but his viewpoint disqualifies him for this position. He is put on a tribunal for the purpose of trying his own case, to regulate his own business. It would be like permitting a judge to try a case in which he was a party litigant. It would be the same as permitting the defendant in a law-suit to sit on the jury. The whole thing is contrary to the present-day civilization of justice and equality; and I submit that rather than turn the Interstate Commerce Commission over to railroad representatives, we ought to abolish the commission and permit the railroads to operate without a commission.

The same principle applies and the same course has been taken in the appointment of Mr. Humphrey as a member of the Federal Trade Commission. He is a courageous and able executive officer. He has held public office for many years, and we are not left in doubt as to his attitude on public questions. During all his public service his viewpoint has stood out prominently, he has been a fearless advocate of big business in all lines. His record discloses that he can have no sympathy with the small business man

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who is protesting against unfair competition of trusts and monopolies. His appointment has changed the viewpoint of the commission. It now stands three to two in favor of the big-business idea.

What is the object of the Federal Trade Commission? The law was passed because it was thought that there was need of affording protection to the small business man against the monopoly and the machinations of trusts and combinations. Monopolistic concerns had, by unfair methods of competition, driven their competitors from the field, and the people of the country paid the expense in increased prices. Since Mr. Humphrey's advent this commission has decided that much of its business shall be transacted in secret. If the unfair business man goes before the commission and makes a secret promise that he will refrain from his illegal acts the entire matter is dismissed, no record is made, and the public gets no idea or knowledge of what actually transpired or happened. This means that a secret tribunal sits in judgment where the interests of all the people are involved and where millions of dollars are at stake.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the majority of the commission is perfectly honest and wants to do what is right, yet how long will it be until this secrecy brings fraud and corruption? The history of civilization demonstrates that one of the greatest evils of government is secrecy in governmental matters, and without exception history likewise demonstrates that no government has ever for any great length of time remained pure and just where the rights of men or property were subject to the adjudication of a tribunal whose deliberations took place in secret. Secret treaties have brought on many of the wars of the world. Secrecy in governmental affairs was one of the prime causes of the great World War. Secrecy in government through many years of struggle and hardship finally brought to ruin and degradation the great Russian government. Secrecy in a republic like ours is contrary to the very fundamental principles upon which our liberties rest. If the Federal Trade Commission, established for the purpose of protecting the small business man against the machinations of trusts and monopolies, is to be administered by men who believe that best results can be obtained by giving monopoly full sway, then why have the commission at all? If the men and corporations that are intended to be regulated by it are themselves to manage it and run it, then why not take the logical step—repeal the law and abolish the commission?

Another incident that illustrates the trend of the present Administration is the failure of the President to send the name of David J. Lewis, a member of the Tariff Commission, to the Senate, after he had given him a recess appointment. Again let us ask the question: What is the object of the Tariff Commission? It came after years of legislative struggle. Its object was to give the country as nearly as possible a scientific tariff—something that the country had never had. It was to establish a nonpartisan tribunal, a tribunal as free from prejudice and coercion as the Supreme Court itself, one that would gather the true facts necessary for the enactment of a tariff and lay these facts before the President and Congress. In order for the commission to accomplish any good or for its work to have any honest effect its investigations must be absolutely fair and its reports unshaded and untarnished, either by those opposed to any tariff or by those in favor of an unjustly high tariff. In the early part of the last Presidential campaign the commission was investigating the tariff on sugar. No one can deny the importance of such an investigation. Some wonderful disclosures came from that body. It appeared that there was at least one instance where members of the family of one of the commissioners, if not the commissioner himself, owned a large amount of stock the value of which was directly affected by the tariff. The term of office of Mr. Lewis, a member of the Tariff Commission, expired during this campaign. His ability, his honesty and integrity, and his courage have never been questioned. He was carrying out the spirit of the law in good faith. There were politicians who did not want this report on sugar made during the campaign. It would perhaps have been a political blunder to have refused a reappointment to Mr. Lewis at that particular time. The commission was nearly evenly divided. There were members who prior to their appointment had been known as lobbyists in favor of high-tariff schedules when tariff bills were pending before the committees of Congress. If a majority of the commission were composed of such men, then the work of the commission would be nullified. No one could have confidence in a report made by such a membership.

It seems to be the idea of those in control that the Tariff Commission should be composed of men whose whole lives disclose the fact that they have always advocated an exorbitantly high tariff. The action of the President would indicate that he is in sympathy with that idea. He reappointed Mr. Lewis during the campaign, but the appointment was only temporary; to become effective it required renewal when the Senate convened in December. By that time the campaign was over. The object of the temporary appointment had been accomplished, and the President declined to send the name of Mr. Lewis to the Senate, substituting someone else.

Thus one of the fairest and best men who ever sat on the commission was removed from office as soon as the campaign was over. But still the commission was not completely subject to the machinations of high-tariff barons. Mr. Culbertson and Mr. Costigan, members of that commission, who with Mr. Lewis had constituted a majority of it, were like him honestly and fearlessly carrying out the purpose of the law without fear or favor. Free traders on the one hand and high-tariff barons on the other had no effect upon their action. In order to further weaken the commission and to place it under the control of those who think the tariff ought to reach the sky Mr. Culbertson was given a diplomatic appointment. He was kicked upstairs in order to get him off the commission. I do not know what method can or will be taken to get rid of Mr. Costigan, if any. He still remains on the commission, standing there like a stone wall in the face of terrible opposition, striving to carry out the honest purposes of the act creating the commission. Let me in substance repeat my former question: Why have a tariff commission if we are to place it in control of tariff lobbyists and others interested in and believing in the mountain-high tariff? If the Tariff Commission is to become a one-sided tribunal, controlled by those who would use it only to bolster up a high tariff without regard to the truth, then why not let these people handle it directly instead of through the instrumentality of the commission? Why not after all abolish the commission and let those believing in special

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interests control the tariff directly? It would be much cheaper to let them have their way by simply enacting their ideas into law instead of going through expensive machinery of compelling the taxpayers to pay for a commission that, after all, has no other object than to carry out the ideas of its masters.

All of these commissions were established for a definite purpose. They came into existence in answer to an honest demand for the work which the law delegates to them. The anti-trust laws are likewise on the statute-books for the purpose of curing admitted evils. Are we now to nullify these laws? Are we to go back to the beginning and permit monopoly to have full sway, without any governmental curb? The effect of these appointments is to set the country back more than twenty-five years. It is an indirect but positive repeal of Congressional enactments, which no Administration, however powerful, would dare to bring about by any direct means. It is the nullification of federal law by a process of boring from within. If trusts, combinations, and big business are to run the government, why not permit them to do it directly rather than through this expensive machinery which was originally honestly established for the protection of the people of the country against monopoly and control?

The Inquiring Reporter in Shanghai

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Drawings by Edith Christenson

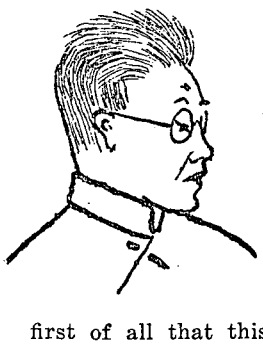
PLACE: SHANGHAI, JULY, 1925. A general strike of several hundred thousand Chinese workers and students has been in progress for many weeks.

QUESTION

How do you feel about this strike?

ANSWERS

1. *The Leader of the Shanghai Student Union.* He is a slender, soft-voiced young man with long, white gown and thick-lensed glasses. Like most of the university leaders of China he speaks excellent English. He comes to me in a motor car hired by the strikers with his own secretary. He is the executive head of the organization which began the general strike after sixteen students and workers were shot down by the British police during a demonstration. He directed the street speaking on that fatal day.



I would like you to understand first of all that this strike of the Chinese people is not bolshevik, not anti-Christian, and not anti-foreign. It is anti-imperialist. It is a human movement for human rights. It is directed chiefly against Great Britain and Japan because they are the worst offenders.

China has been forced by Western military powers to surrender rights which belong to her. The murder of students and workers by British police in Shanghai is only one incident of a long series. Our struggle will go on until we control our own national life.

We students are fighting with the workers because we believe in the workers' cause. I understand that your college students in America are very different from us. I understand that they are not much interested in labor and that they sometimes break strikes. It is inconceivable that a Chinese student should act as a strike-breaker. We are close to the workers in our thoughts. Some of us have gone out into the mills as manual workers to organize unions. Even now we are struggling against the conservatism of the Chamber of Commerce which is not so much concerned with the labor aims of this strike. We intend to stand by the workers until they get the right to organize and strike.

2. *A Refugee Missionary from the Interior.* He is a fundamentalist from Tennessee. He does not play checkers on Sunday. He calls me "brother."

What these people need is character. They lie and cheat and steal until the Lord Jesus Christ comes into their hearts. He is the only one who can save them. These students who have started the strike are flighty and irresponsible. Of course, they have many grievances, serious grievances, but they are not going about it in the right way to remedy those grievances. They don't want to study, so they raise Cain. Once in a while they go too far and the police have to stop them. If they will learn how to be honest and responsible the foreign governments will trust them with more power.

Have I any program for social reform in China? I do not mix in politics. I am a minister of Christ. We will have better politics when we have Christian character. Character is the root of the whole thing. Yes, I am going back to America. My mother is not feeling very well.

3. *A British Gentleman.* He wears a helmet and whites. His money is invested in silk mills. He writes anonymous letters to the London *Morning Post* signed "Fair Play." The works of Kipling stand next to the Bible in his library.

Of course this whole thing has been stirred up by the Bolsheviks working upon irresponsible young students. There is not a doubt about it. You may take Shanghai University as an example. The place has been a hotbed of soviet propaganda for years. When the police raided it they found some letters direct from Moscow. And what did the young devils do when they were caught red-handed? They lied about it and the Chinese papers repeated their lies. The strike leaders are getting fat off the money that is coming in, and the workers are kept away from the mills by intimidation. The police are taking a firm stand against the trouble-makers and every subject of the King ought to be proud of them. The strikers will come to their senses in a few days.

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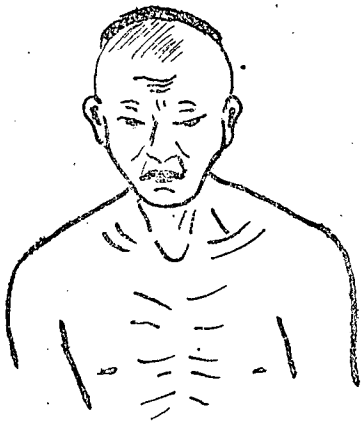
Then they will come back to us begging for work. Yes, we'll hire them, but we'll sack the agitators.

4. *A Coolie Strike-Breaker.* He is the song leader of a street gang of coolies who are pounding dirt back into a ditch by dropping a weight upon it suspended by a rope. He sings the main line in a high wail, while the rest join in on the chorus, dropping the weight back into the ditch with rhythmic beats. He is stripped to the waist, dripping sweat in the sun. He says:



Me no strike. Me work. Strike good—maybe yes. Me have children yes. Four children yes. Me get dollar day. Me work.

5. *The Secretary of the Electrical Workers' Union.* He is an emaciated little man with a face half dreamer, half prophet, young and eager, but very tired.

Labor unions have never been recognized in China, but we believe that before this strike is over they will be. Our membership in trade unions here in Shanghai has increased by over 100,000 since the strike began. It is true that the strike is chiefly a nationalist strike against imperialism, but we in the labor unions are determined that we will not go back to work until our organizations are recognized. Here is a contract which we will submit to the electrical employers tomorrow. It does not call for a raise in wages, but it demands the recognition of the union.

Yes, we take care of the strike-breakers very easily. We just drop around to their houses, take them out to some convenient lot and make them kneel down in a circle of strikers. We don't beat them up at all, but we make them sign a statement something like this: "I am a dirty low-down traitor to my fellow-workers." Then we take their pictures and this statement and hang them up where everybody can see. No, we don't have many strike-breakers.

6. *An American Marine.* His rifle-butt rests on the sidewalk while he gazes at the passing crowd with the bored paternalism of a traffic cop. He is quartered at Shanghai University by order of the British authorities because it has been discovered that this university is a center of radical student leadership.

Naw, I don't know much about the strike. Awful hot, isn't it? Better pay your ricksha man two double dimes to the station. If he kicks on that, just swat him in the face.

Yeah, we march in fours. Got to be careful. If the chinks catch us alone it's all up. Yeah, the student crowd is mostly reds.

Godamn dull here. Nothin' much to do.

7. *A Chinese Business Man.* He is a member of the national Chinese Chamber of Commerce which has officially supported the Shanghai strike. He is dignified, suave. He looks like a picture of Li Hung Chang.

The important thing about this strike is that it symbolizes the Chinese movement for economic self-government. We are learning to use economic weapons for China and perhaps we may show the foreigners that our boycott is more effective than their guns. We are not going to buy any more British and Japanese goods. The British and Japanese goods that we have on hand will be sold under supervision of a committee. After that we hope to develop our own industries. China has plenty of natural wealth and in time we can easily produce almost everything that we need. We do not object to foreign capital, but we want the foreign investors to remember that we are the hosts and they are the guests.

8. *A Chinese Graduate of Glasgow.* His English is faultless. His labor library is the best I have seen in the East. His pictures are hung in international exhibitions.

I am a pacifist, but I shall tell you a story that will show you how I feel about this strike. It will show you how hard it is to be a pacifist in China today.

There is a park here in Shanghai which is paid for chiefly by Chinese taxpayers, but no Chinese person is allowed to enter it. One day I was walking by this park when I saw a Sikh policeman chase away a group of ricksha men from the gate, curse them, and deliberately tip over one of the rickshas. He had lost his temper because one of the men had come too close to the forbidden territory. He took the license of one of the ricksha men away from him while the poor fellow stood here in the road with the tears streaming down his face. I walked over to the Sikh policeman and said:

"If I were hired by the British to police India for them, I would never treat your countrymen as you are treating these ricksha men."

He cooled down very quickly and was about to give the license back to the ricksha man when two Englishmen came up. They said to me:

"What are you doing here interfering with this policeman? Don't argue with us. You have no business here. You're nothing but a damned Chinaman. Get out of here."

They said that to me in China.

The Cheat

By RUTH JANET BARBER

Young thunder-dark Tobias, with his dour
Black eyes, with all his stern contemptuous power
Compelled from men who mutter while they cower,

I dreamed I met, far off in Paradise,
Where in the white light of the wholly wise
His ghost had melted into two sad eyes.

And even in Heaven I felt the importunate will
That made me walk beside him, made him still
Fling his wild words athwart the starry hill.

Among the jacinth stars they fell, and rose
In mist-like wraiths of drifting wind-tossed snows,
Figures of men in faint satyric pose;

For words like men have an immortal side.
These flaunted velvet gowns the wind blew wide.
One saw them beggars with a leprous hide.

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Workers in Palestine

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE building activity of the Jews in Palestine ranks as an achievement next to the reclaiming and cultivation of the soil. It is largely the result of the labor of the last five years and is due to the activities of the cooperative building guild called Solelboneh.

When, at the end of the World War, the gates of Palestine were reopened to immigration, the half-ruined agricultural colonies were totally unable to absorb the immigrants who sought to settle in the land. The first necessity, moreover, for further settlement and for the actual opening of the land was the construction of roads. Since there were no capitalistic companies to hire laborers and bid for government contracts, the laborers, most of them newcomers and unaccustomed to hard manual toil, organized the Solelboneh guild for building and public works and built those magnificent roads that opened up the entire northern part of the country.

Training its men, who had been students and indoor workers, to acquire the skill and endure the hardships of their new occupations, the Solelboneh next proceeded to relieve the scarcity of dwellings in the country. Through Zionist initiative mortgage banks were established; a staff of able engineers and architects guided the work; the incomparable adaptability of the Jewish worker was made clear.

Since those earlier days the Solelboneh has not only built the greater part of Tel-Aviv, but the new residential quarters of Jerusalem, of Haifa, of Tiberias. It has constructed public buildings of all kinds, ranging from the beautiful convalescent home for workers at Mozah to the massive electric station at Tel-Aviv. It has erected dwelling-houses, factories, schools, hospitals; it has continued its road-building and has constructed barns and stables throughout the colonies. It has built houses of silicate-brick, of cement blocks, of stone, of reinforced concrete, and has mastered the necessary technique with faultless efficiency. One of its most extraordinary achievements is the construction of the imperial war cemetery and memorial at Beer-Sheba. Yet this is only one of the many tasks which the guild has performed for the Palestinian Government, for the municipalities and railways, and for the Military Administration.

These dry facts take on human significance as one actually recalls the arches and spacious halls of the Mozah convalescent home and visualizes once more the new pillars and capitals of that building which seem to have grown on that hill-side from which one sees the taller hills on which Jerusalem stands. In the new quarters of Beth Hakerem and Talpioth in Jerusalem, in Bath Ganim and Hakarmel near Haifa, in the Kiryat Shemuel quarter of Tiberias there are houses, both large and small, which answer every need of comfort, of beauty, of adaptability to the climate and the landscape of the country. Finally one recalls the wooden bridge that spans the Jordan near Dagania, the new house of the commune, and the road from Tiberias to Semach. Without initial capital and without government subsidy the Jewish workers in cooperation are building roads and cities, even as they have drained swamps, planted forests, and tilled the ruined earth to produce beauty and fertility.

The Solelboneh is, of course, only one among several associations of Jewish workers in Palestine. Some of these cooperatives are practical, some political in their character. They are all united in the Central Organization of Jewish Workers (Histadruth haklalith shel haovdim haivrim), whose headquarters are in the Workers' House of Tel-Aviv —a white house of two stories in the overwhelming light. Upstairs a small, shaded room—half library, half rude council chamber. As everywhere in Palestine, except in a few private houses, complete austerity, complete carelessness of comfort. There is the burning idea . . . there is the work to be done . . . that is all. A man has come there to talk to me about the workers—a spare man in careless clothes with the hands of a laborer except for the shape of the fingers, which are slim and mobile, with sunken cheeks and very speaking eyes, a good high forehead, a bristling mustache over a slightly protruding, ugly, eloquent mouth. He has to talk to me through an interpreter. He has spoken Hebrew so exclusively for so long that he has lost command of the languages of Galuth. I can watch him all the better for that reason; I can fathom all the more completely the utter earnestness, simplicity, single-mindedness of the man, wanting nothing for himself, everything for the workers, for the land, for the days and the generations to come. . . .

He spoke with the air of one who is not fond of speaking nor born to speak. A rather silent man originally, but forced into speech by the duty of communicating the character of the work he had at heart; speaking well precisely because he did not care for speech.

> Our aim is the regeneration of the working powers of the Jewish people. We want to render Jewish work both economically and culturally productive. In order to attain this end we workers sink all party differences. They exist but they do not divide. And that is so because, beyond theories and party platforms, we are trying to learn what to do from life itself. We really harbor no theory that is antecedent to practice. We workers must be the constructive element in Eretz Israel, and in order to be that we must seek what unites, not what divides. And what is it that unites us here? Everywhere in the world we live and labor as German Jews or English or Polish or American Jews. Here we are Jewish Jews. Here we face for the first time not the question of the right to labor but of the possibilities of labor. Here, for the first time, our labor can be creative.
>
> In all the lands of the Galuth we live at the expense of others. We work within an economic structure, an economic organization built by others. Culturally as well as economically we trade with the fundamental values, the *Urwerte*, created by others. We become the carriers and continuers of the creative values of others. Thence arises the nations' instinct of opposition to us. Since we realize this it follows that in Eretz Israel we do not combat anti-Semitism. We are quite freed from that external conflict. Our conflict, our struggle here is an inner one: how to become a productive people.
>
> What is given us here is the earth on which we can become a creative folk. It is this thought that unites the workers; an overwhelming majority of the workers desires this end, strains after this aim. And the workers

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know that this aim can be achieved only by national work, not by class struggle. There are Marxists in the land, undoubtedly. But they, too, join in the great, national, concerted effort toward rendering Israel a productive people.

Our experiments in the land extend over forty years. And we found that as long as work was dependent on private initiative or philanthropic aid, there was no renewal of life. There were employers and employed and many of the employed were not Jews, and so the old conflicts and problems arose that have always arisen in the lands of the Galuth. It was only when we began to work out of a national and cooperative initiative that there arose the Jewish worker, that we began to see the possibilities of a renewal in the economic, the political, and the moral life of the nation. For, observe, private initiative needs profit. Profit means the export of goods. And the export of goods means dependence on the outer world. What we desire, above all, is to be self-sustaining, to export only an excess of commodities. This is the aim of the workers' cooperative experiments in town and country, of the guild, the Kvuzah,[1] the Moshav ovdim.[2] . . .

He stopped and leaned his head a little wearily on his hand. But almost instantly he brightened up again with a fine, though somber flash:

Remember, please: We seek the way! All of our present experiments of social organization may be changed, may be, nay, probably will be transcended. Only—all land and all values and all properties belong to the nation and there must be no hired labor and no exploitation; there must be neither oppressors nor oppressed. Thus the cooperative organizations regulate the conditions of labor and consumers' associations, such as the Hamash-bir, regulate prices. These associations are controlled and, if need be, checked by the banks, by the nation itself. But the ordinary safeguards and checks against excessive labor demands are not needed, since the workers are inspired by good sense and good-will and desire not the profit of their class or of any class, but the increasing freedom and productivity of all Israel. This aim of the workers is constantly emphasized and intensified by the cultural work of the Histadruth or Great Organization. The organization employs one hundred people in its cultural work alone. It arranges courses in the Hebrew language and lectures; it operates evening schools; it sends out teachers to special groups for special purposes; it sends out traveling libraries in all languages to the remotest farms and labor-camps; it publishes pamphlets and books; it maintains reading-rooms; it has organized concert associations and choruses and is at work on the beginnings of a people's theater.

I have let this man speak very much as he spoke to me, since, as he himself so frankly admitted, both historic and economic theories are transitory. Spiritual facts and values alone are permanent. I do not know enough to exercise any criticism of his tentative economic theories. I am sure that his interpretation of the position of Israel in Galuth is narrow and romantic and discredited by the very fallacies of the anti-Semite. All honest work is productive work. I am not unaware—how could I be?—of the fact that the Jewish artist and thinker seems often in Galuth, especially under the gaze of hostile eyes, to be working with the fundamental values, the *Urwerte,* of others. The deeper truth is that he is working, if he counts at all, with the *Urwerte* of mankind which are his as much as any others, that, like the better of his Gentile compeers, he transcends the national limitations through which he inevitably works and belongs to his own people, to the people among whom he lives and creates, and thus to all peoples.

But theories, as I have said, are transitory and formulations for a day. What I see is that dark, slim, earnest man in the Workers' House in Tel-Aviv. And behind him I see the many men and women, the workers, whom I met and with whom I spoke. It is their spirit and the spirit of their work that counts. They do not care for comfort or dainty food or well-made garments. They live as best they can. They live by the heat and the light of the flame within. Yet they are simple and human and cheerful and unpretentious and not given to sounding words or the gestures of the reformer. They take both their hardships and their ideas as a matter of course. They are building up the land of Israel. But greater than the task is the spirit of the task and the example of it. And that spirit and that example belong even now to the permanent possessions of all men and are becoming "part of our lives' unalterable good. . . ."

It belongs to the humanness of the situation that, outside of the Workers' House once more I met a young man who smiled rather sardonically. "You've been talking to our friend A. in there? Well, did you know that he's the executive secretary of the Hapoel Hazair (Young Workers' Party)? They're a terribly idealistic crowd!"

"They may be," I said. "But they represent a good many people. They had twenty-three delegates in the last Histadruth conference."

"True," he flung back. "But Achduth Haavodah (Palestinian branch of Poale Zion, World Zionist Socialist Party) had sixty-seven delegates."

"And are you people," I asked, taking it for granted that he belonged to the Poale Zion, "so very hard-boiled?"

He reflected for a moment. "I suppose not," he admitted. "Beyond all theoretical differences we do the same work and live the same life."

[1] Strictly cooperative group.
[2] Smallholders' village with cooperative management.

Now That These Two—

By JAMES RORTY

Now that these two have parted, let a word
Be said for the yellow
Bird that flew, and the billow
That broke on the sand, and the tree in which they heard
The patient wind consent
To all they said, and meant;

These will endure, even after his fashion the bird.
How exquisite is man and how unique,
How strangely strident, how oblique
From nature's habit, who can look unstirred
Upon the earth with veilèd eye,
And walk and talk and inly die!

Now that these two have parted, it may be said,
Perhaps, that they were right;
Something took flight,
And now one sees no raven bringing bread.
The sea has storms, whose shock
Loosens the lichen from the rock.

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In the Driftway

THE recent controversy over Mr. Babe Ruth is only one of many arguments on the same theme: Are certain privileges to be accorded to genius which are denied the ordinary run of mankind? Mr. Ruth neglects the rules laid down by his manager for the conduct of a ball player working under very great pressure; the rules are doubtless salutary and conducive to more successful baseball. But they are nothing to the Home Run King; and Mr. Miller Huggins has not yet demonstrated that breaking the rules has ruined Mr. Ruth's home-run hitting proclivities. For the moment the matter is settled by having Mrs. Babe Ruth bound over to make her husband keep the peace—surely a thankless and unwanted task. Actually the matter can never be settled, for it is a perpetual question. And the unfortunate thing about it for the Miller Hugginses of the world is that genius is remembered when all their rules lie dusty and forgotten.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not old enough to remember when the first genius stepped out and on the prejudices of his tribe, but he can readily imagine the scene. The man has shown a skill at trapping that is the despair of his fellows; he seems to have advance information of the movements of the beasts, to make traps more cunning than have ever been devised, to bait them more neatly, to walk more quietly away from the spot and disturb as he moves fewer branches to betray the presence of his contrivance. He never fails to make a catch; he always has meat to eat. He is, in many ways, an admirable fellow. But he will not observe the ancient customs about the kill; he kills at any time of the moon, at any spot, with any shape or color of weapon. A council is held over his delinquency; he is urged and then commanded to mend his ways; but though he promises, sooner or later he transgresses again. There is, obviously, nothing to do but kill him; how else shall the taboos be observed? It is true that after his death there is less to eat, for he had always been generous about dividing the spoils; but better starve than fail to observe the ancient customs; they have been good for others, why not also for him?

* * * * *

THERE is always less to eat after a genius has been disposed of by the herd. And before that happens, the genius is always a trial to his family. For one Miss Jane Austen, who sat quietly at her desk and composed her novels and was always willing to be interrupted by any family duty, there have been hundreds who cursed the sun when it rose because it broke in upon their night, or the darkness because it cut short their day, who sent their wives away in despair and permitted them to return on their knees, who would not make an honest living, who would not keep themselves clean, who would not be kind fathers or loving sons or faithful wives; and in general these tactics have earned only the scorn and dislike of their fellow-men. The Drifter will not attempt to solve the problem, to make a rule about breaking rules, to postulate how to live with a genius and be happy or how to excuse the genius to his less talented associates. His advice, as usual, is purely negative: avoid the genius as you would the plague; keep all rules away from him. He is anathema to common men; let him remain so. If unavoidably he comes in contact with current customs, wise men, freely admitting that the end will justify the means, will continue to let him go his way and foolish men will kill him. It is the herd's way and doubtless will continue to be, and the Drifter is not going to try, at his age, to change matters.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Praise of Marat

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was pleased to read your reviewer Mr. Gottschalk's rebuke of the latest biographical libeler of Jean Paul Marat. The People's Friend is surely the most maligned and foul abused of men. I have been irritated for some time by the many false accounts of him. A fine example of this pseudo-history is the very inaccurate biography of Marat in the Encyclopedia Americana, which is not a biography at all but a denunciation.

Not content with slandering Marat, the Americana eulogizes his assassin in lyrical terms, giving her an inch more space than her victim, and reviving the absurd myth of her lover who was murdered by Marat's hired assassins, which is only one of the many romantic reasons advanced for her action. After all, was not Charlotte Corday merely the mentally unbalanced murderess of a dying man?

The whole world admires the romantic figure of the aristocratic Lafayette, cantering with his police through the streets of Paris, ordering the death of the people whose revolt he had first led, and employing a regiment in a vain attempt to arrest one lone starving journalist, whose only weapons were his facile pen and his blazing sincerity, and whose only crime was to love liberty; while, like Thomas Paine, the heroic, self-sacrificing Marat is hated or forgotten in the very country which he helped to liberate. Such is the gratitude of democracies!

I close with the words of the vindicative Carlyle: "This poor Marat has faults enough; but against Liberty or Equality, what fault?"

Houston, Texas, August 13 WILLIAM F. ELLIS

Trial by Fury

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few summers ago a young, half-ignorant, and poorly paid Negro teacher attending a summer school in the South raised a money order from $4 to $14. She gave the money order in payment for her board bill of $3.50. The bookkeeper, not noticing the alteration, accepted the money order and simply wrote across it "$10.50 due," as he did not have the change. Later during the day the girl was given her change. The bookkeeper was a graduate from the business department of a well-known Northern college. The fraud, which was detected neither by the local banker nor by the local postmaster, was discovered by the inspector in Atlanta. The girl was arrested and the bookkeeper was called as the chief witness for the State. The Negro girl, through an influential white man, got a white lawyer to defend her. The bookkeeper was called to the stand. He was first examined by the State. Then the lawyer for the girl began his examination.

LAWYER. What is your name?

BOOKKEEPER. John Doe.

LAWYER. Where do you live?

BOOKKEEPER. In X (in a Southern State).

LAWYER (impatiently). Nigger, you know what I mean. Where were you born?

BOOKKEEPER. In Y (a Northern State).

LAWYER. See, gentlemen of the jury, here is one of these

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yaller Northern niggers. Doe, what do you do at the school?

BOOKKEEPER. I'm the bookkeeper.

LAWYER. Bookkeeper! I didn't know any nigger knew anything about bookkeeping. What do you do?

The bookkeeper explained his work. The lawyer then passed the altered money order to him.

LAWYER. Doe, have you ever seen that money order before?

BOOKKEEPER (after examining it). Why, yes, I recognize my notation of $10.50 for change.

LAWYER (triumphantly). You see, gentlemen of the jury, this yaller nigger, Doe, raised the money order. Look how he is dressed. A dude. A yaller Northern nigger all dressed up. Raises a money order to buy a new pair of pants. Doe, didn't you raise that money order to buy a new pair of pants?

BOOKKEEPER. What advantage could it have been to me? Only the girl or the school could have gained by the counterfeit.

LAWYER. You see, gentlemen of the jury, this is one of those smart yaller Northern niggers. Doe, you yaller nigger, own up that you raised that money order.

BOOKKEEPER. I did not.

LAWYER. Gentlemen of the jury, Doe is a yaller nigger. He is a Northern nigger. Now, gentlemen of the jury, you know how he got yaller. Now, are you going to let him get away. Doe, you yaller nigger you, are you going to confess?

BOOKKEEPER. I have nothing to confess.

LAWYER. Doe, you yaller, Charlie-Chaplin mustache, carpet-bagger nigger, you raised that money order to buy clothes to dress up in like a sport. Gentlemen of the jury, are you going to let this yaller, Charlie-Chaplin mustache, carpet-bagger nigger get away with this?

JUDGE (interrupting). You can call Doe all the kinds of niggers you want, but don't refer to the State he is from.

The prosecuting attorney also interrupted to say that Doe's mustache was as well arranged as the lawyer's. The lawyer, in closing his argument, emphasized again to the jury that the bookkeeper was a "yaller nigger" from the North and cautioned those gentlemen to bear in mind, especially, why he was yellow.

The jury deliberated for nearly two hours; they decided the girl was the guilty one.

Atlanta, Georgia, September 3 E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Control Through Cooperation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The economic despotism through which big business rules the American people is made possible by control of the federal government in all its branches. But suppose La Follette and Wheeler and a Progressive Congress had been elected last fall, what would have resulted in the business world? Without doubt the interests back of Coolidge, who also own or control the nation's forests, mines, electric power, transportation, basic industries, public utilities of all kinds—the raw material and economic machinery of the country—would have shut down business and produced hard times overnight to punish the voters for trying to cut off their special privilege to plunder. The mass of the people may not be informed on matters about which La Follette has preached these many years, but they *understand hard times.* That hits them in the face.

Now, the most efficient progressive government in Washington could not *compel* big business to play ball.

Wealth and great business ability *constitute* power. When nationally concentrated and organized this power is bound to control the government. If the American people want to be free and no longer subject to legalized robbery at every turn, they must organize to do the nation's business collectively—to handle their own business in their own interest and organize to *be* this economic power that is bound to control the government. If Europeans can learn to handle big business successfully in the interest of the common people, through the cooperative movement, as they are handling it today, surely Americans can do as well.

The point I am trying to make clear in this communication is that all the time, effort, and money that progressives can put into a fight for *political* control from now till the crack of doom will fail to accomplish the desired end—fail to stop the wholesale plundering—until the people are organized and equipped to handle the nation's business in the interest of the common people.

Through the cooperative movement the people *can* take over the nation's business gradually and without a jolt. But this they cannot accomplish without earnest personal interest and effort. If I were editing such a journal as *The Nation* I would devote a full-page editorial to this subject every issue. Industrial control carries political control with it.

Eden, New York, July 21 FRANK R. ROSSEEL

A Plumber's View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why all the squawk about Tennessee and evolution? Seems to me the law must be *right* and should be enforced, since it must be the *desire* of the majority. Our job is to get busy and change their *desires.* My regular job is plumbing, but I guess I can find time to work on the other job too.

New York, August 1 FRANK LANGAN

How Free Is Britain's Free Trade?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: I have but one criticism to make of your article in the sixtieth anniversary number of *The Nation.* You call Mr. Edwin L. Godkin "an absolute free trader." My impression is that he was a "Manchester" or "English" free trader—a very different thing.

I myself am an "absolute" free trader who would turn the world's custom houses into museums or aquariums. During a recent trip to Europe I had any amount of fun with Britishers who called themselves free traders, telling them they were counterfeits who gave free trade a bad name.

"How comes it," I asked, "that you call yourselves free traders and Britain is called a free-trade country while you collect annually more revenue from customs duties than the United States does? Yet in the United States, whenever any one says a good word for free trade he is at once told: 'Look at England and see what free trade does to a nation!'

"Now, whatever may be the cause of Great Britain's present deplorable condition, it certainly is *not* free trade, for you have none. Yet your pose as a free trader gives commercial freedom a black eye. Your free trade is a spurious article, not genuine. As German silver contains no silver, 'English free trade' has in it no free trade."

Most of them were flabbergasted when I showed them in figures published by the *Economist,* the *Statist,* and their *Board of Trade Journal* the customs collections of the two countries, and they had no adequate answer to my charge that, while they *talk* free trade straight enough, they do not practice it; and that they should either put the principle in practice or give up the habit of calling their system free trade when it is *not* free trade.

I believe international commercial freedom to be the only peace-maker. I believe real free trade, instead of being a handicap to the nation that adopts it, will prove an advantage, and that other nations, if they would not be distanced in the race of economic progress, will have to adopt it also.

Clifton, New Jersey, July 15 STEPHEN BELL

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Books and Plays

The Tramp

By LILLIAN BYRNES

I could long for your courage,
But have you convictions
That place the wind's whisper
Against the latch-key?

You make a rude path through the dew
In the morning;
Do you watch the mild sun turn the glitter
To vapor and warmth?

I could pardon your insolent way
If you saw, having vistas before you;
If a goblet of nectar turned not at your touch
To stale beer.

I turn to my desk and my papers,
And dream like a weakling,
Of sunshine, and rainfall, and mountains,
And motionless body.

You rob my dull desk of its virtue;
I despise you, resenting your freedom;
Gods, what a lout to lie amid blossoms
And watch the sun set on Olympus!

First Glance

ONE of the reasons why Arthur Waley may be right in claiming that the Japanese novel whose first nine chapters he has translated as "The Tale of Genji" (Houghton Mifflin: $3) belongs among "the dozen greatest masterpieces of the world" is that while the manner of the story is strange its matter is familiar. If there were only a manner to consider, one might call the book quaint and be done. And it is quaint enough. The decorum is that, presumably, of a medieval Japanese court. The clothing, the houses, the flowers, the morals are as "different" as such things may be. The people, as they talk, fall into beautiful verse, so that the scene becomes at times a veritable field of blossoms suddenly blown:

> Then unlike the lovers in the "Everlasting Wrong" who prayed that they might be as the "twin birds that share a wing" (for they remembered that this story had ended very sadly) they prayed "May our love last till Maitreya comes as a Buddha into the world." But she, still distrustful, answered his poem with the verse: "Such sorrow have I known in this world that I have small hope of worlds to come." Her versification was still a little tentative.

Not thus, surely, are lovers in our longitude heard to speak.

Yet it is easy, as one reads on, to slip into the conviction that this story of Prince Genji and his innumerable mistresses is but accidentally different from stories one has read of other lovers in other courts. There is the nearer world, for instance, recorded so brilliantly and so endlessly by the French memoir-writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Might not most of these events have taken place at Paris, Fontainebleau, or Versailles? Was not Whitehall dimly like this for a time? And if the events are credible when transferred to a familiar background, are not the emotions credible and familiar too? Granted the premise of a society whose sole occupation is with the refinements of love, is there anything essentially strange—by the world's testimony—about "The Tale of Genji"?

It is easier still to forget decorums and courts altogether. The triumph of Lady Murasaki after all is that she has made a man, and that although she made him a thousand years ago he is alive in every nerve today. It was inevitable that someone should have compared "The Tale of Genji" with "Tom Jones," as I understand someone has. The comparison carries with it a greater compliment than is involved in the mere merit thereby implied. For it is a long way from the Emperor to Squire Allworthy, from Omyobu to Mrs. Honour, from the Lady of the West to Molly Segrim, from Genji to Tom. One book is as precious as the other is plain; the material at hand in the two cases would seem to have made comparison impossible. Yet there it is—Genji, like Tom, growing up among human beings who in their various ways teach him a little wisdom and much love. The two authors are alike simply in that they know a great deal about human beings, and know also how to bring their learning to bear upon the career of an impulsive, sensitive, and not too intelligent boy. Lady Murasaki, like Fielding, prefers to say that she is writing "history"; on a greater scale than Fielding's, and with a vastly greater delicacy, she pursues the reality which she was privileged to see. It is profoundly to be hoped that Mr. Waley proceeds with what appears to be a perfect translation.

MARK VAN DOREN

Count Montgelas on the War

The Case for the Central Powers: An Impeachment of the Versailles Verdict. By Count Max Montgelas. Translated from the German by Constance Vesey. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THERE is one—and a fatal—defect in this excellent work on war origins and war guilt, namely, that it is written by a German. Though by far the most lucid, competent, and clarifying single-volume work on the immediate diplomatic background of the World War, the crises of June-August, 1914, and the particular myths and incidents connected with the latter, the book is likely to have little or no effect in setting even intelligent American opinion right in regard to this vitally significant situation upon an intelligent and accurate understanding of which the hope of any decisive and constructive settlement of the European international situation of necessity depends. Though there are some signs of an abatement of this particular national psychosis, it is still true that there is generally prevalent in this country the view that by definition a German is inevitably a subsidized liar. Added to this initial handicap is the curious, if not designed, handicap imposed by the English publisher who so completely altered the original title: "Leading Threads in the Problem of War Guilt." Montgelas's work is by no means an exercise in special pleading; rather it is a brief and objective analysis of the documents, of which Montgelas possesses an unusually thorough knowledge and competent grasp. If it is the "case for the Central Powers," then it means that the Central Powers are in a position to profit by a disclosure of the truth concerning the outbreak of the war.

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The examination of pre-war diplomacy, while generally interpreted in a manner favorable to Germany, is well documented and merits serious and respectful consideration. After all qualifications are made it must be held to contain a complete refutation of the Entente contention of the primary responsibility of Germany for the leading diplomatic clashes in Europe in the decade before the war. In particular, Montgelas establishes beyond possibility of successful contradiction the initial responsibility of Izvolski for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Germany's restraining influence upon the Austrian attitude toward Serbia until the assassination of the Archduke; the inferiority of German military preparations to July, 1914, as compared with those of France, to say nothing of those of Russia; Germany's expressed desire to reach an amicable settlement with France and Great Britain from 1912-14; and the adamant and ubiquitous French refusal to accept any general European agreement looking toward permanent peace unless it involved a restoration of Alsace-Lorraine. The only serious charge which can be made against the author is his failure to emphasize the vicious influence of Holstein in rejecting the earlier British advances toward an adjustment with Germany, and the dubious nature of the naval policy of Von Tirpitz. It might, however, be said in extenuation that this omission is offset by his elucidation of the English rejection of the German advances following 1912, something usually overlooked by Entente historians.

Montgelas's analysis of the events of the diplomatic "crisis" of 1914 is a masterly performance. On the basis of a well-nigh complete control of all the pertinent documents he controverts with high success the Entente indictment of Germany which rallied millions to death or bankruptcy from 1914 onward. He proves the undoubted aspiration and good faith of the German civil government in the effort to avert a general European war. He indicates that there is a vast gulf between the guilt of even the Austrian militarists, who merely desired a well-nigh indispensable punitive war against Serbia, and that of the Russian militarists and French Revanchards whose plans rested wholly and solely upon the precipitation of a world war and whose alleged intervention in behalf of Serbia was but a hypocritical moral subterfuge. The real distinction, not only in degree but in kind, between Franco-Russian guilt and that of Germany, who was not even willing to allow the Austrian plans in regard to Serbia to proceed if they were to plunge Europe into war, should be apparent to any reasonably unprejudiced student. Montgelas shows clearly that Germany would undoubtedly have found some pacific method of adjusting the controversy but for the Russian general mobilization, the responsibility for which rests directly upon Sazonov and indirectly upon the encouragement of Poincaré and the technical blundering of Sir Edward Grey, who was under the control of the Russo-maniac, Nicolson, his Under Secretary. Montgelas indicates that even after the German government had decided that a defensive war against Russia was unavoidable there was every desire to avert war with France. Poincaré's enthusiastic promises on his St. Petersburg visit had, however, made any such aspiration pathetically futile and hopeless. Great Britain was so deeply and comprehensively involved in secret commitments to France and Russia that she could not extract herself in 1914, and the invasion of Belgium was but a happy German blunder which helped Sir Edward Grey out of a grave diplomatic and political crisis. While Montgelas holds that the invasion of Belgium was a diplomatic blunder and a violation of international law in the interests of pure military necessity, he shows that the Anglo-French plan of campaign, as drawn up in 1911, 1912, and 1913, contemplated similar action, and that the King of Belgium stated in May, 1914, that he believed the impending danger from France and England to be the greatest and most imminent. Still Montgelas proves the caliber of his intellect and judgment by refusing to exploit this fact in extenuation of Germany. He agrees that "a breach of international law is not legalized by the fact that another state contemplates a similar act."

Only two matters of considerable importance appear to be lacking in Montgelas's handling of the crisis of 1914. He wrote too early to have available the revelations of Yovanovitch and Nenadovitch as to the complicity of the Serbian civil government in the plot for the assassination of the Archduke. Nor was he able to read in the fourth volume of Hötzendorf's memoirs the telegrams of Von Moltke, in which the German Chief of Staff secretly and in direct opposition to the pacific efforts of the German civil government urged Hötzendorf and his party to remain firm and proceed with the punishment of Serbia. Perhaps a third significant omission might be pointed out, namely, his failure to mention the fact established by Hermann Lutz, that by a blunder due to lack of technical knowledge Sir Edward Grey gave Russia to understand, as early as July 25, 1914, that England was willing to contemplate the implications of a general Russian mobilization against Austria.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the discussion of particular incidents, real and alleged, in the diplomatic crisis such as the "Potsdam Conference" of July 5, 1914, the Szögyény telegrams, the special edition of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* carrying the news of the fake German mobilization order, and the French ten-kilometer imposture. These myths and the special problems are handled in so convincing a fashion that a heavy blow is dealt at some of the most persistent bulwarks of Allied propaganda. There are several omissions, among them the notorious Wickham Steed myth as to the plot for war and the division of Europe hatched by the Kaiser and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Konopischt in May, 1914, and the Italian plan for mediation, generally overlooked but properly stressed by Morhardt in his indictment of Poincaré.

The results of Montgelas's analysis of the problems of war guilt are summarized in some seventeen propositions which seem to the writer perhaps the best brief statement yet made of the vitally relevant and cogent facts on this subject. Though scarcely a partisan statement, they certainly constitute a most forceful brief against the Versailles indictment. It does not seem to the reviewer that they can be seriously controverted, but it will be interesting to examine the attempt which will doubtless appear in the work of Renouvin, who is about to bring out the only French work on this specific subject worthy to rank with that of Montgelas on the scores of scholarship, objectivity, and special competence.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

The Mayan Calendar

The Reduction of Mayan Dates. By Herbert J. Spinden. Peabody Museum Papers, Vol. VI, No. 4. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Museum.

IT has been next to impossible for the white race to realize, even partially, the fact that the American Indian, or Amerind, to employ a term very useful in any general discussion, was in intellect and morals about the equal of the white man; and in his culture was, perhaps, on the road to achievements of a high order when the waves of our swifter people, with their gunpowder, overwhelmed him.

In this new exposition of the results of his labors in the Central American field of archaeology Mr. Spinden adds to his already high record as a painstaking scholar. His correlation of the Mayan calendar with our own Gregorian calendar apparently marks the beginning of a more intimate knowledge of this far-advanced portion of the American race. He is able to establish from carved monuments and the few remaining documents the dates of Mayan events in our own year-terms. This calendar was invented in the seventh century before Christ —in other words, about 2,500 years ago, and it "solved with conspicuous success the great problem of measuring and defining time which confronts all civilized nations."

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These people were living in a pure stone age when they perfected this remarkable calendar, and, as Mr. Spinden further declares, "they developed arithmetic, astronomy, and city planning, and swept in advance of anything the Egyptians could do in the sculptural treatment of the human body. . . . The Mayan dates are written out in a remarkable system of hieroglyphs and numerical notations peculiar in their fullest development to the Mayas of Central American lowlands, but found in a fragmentary and debased form among the Aztecs, Zapotecs, and other tribes of Mexico and Guatemala. No similar system is found anywhere else in the world."

The Maya month was twenty days in length, each day having its own name and sign. There were eighteen months, each having its name and sign also. There were five additional days in each year to round out the 365 necessary to a full year, and there was a still further period or cyclic fractional adjustment. The elucidation of the Mayan calendar and the study of Mayan history as well received a death-blow when, in 1561, the Spanish bishop Landa, wishing to save the souls of the Mayas from perdition, gathered everywhere their books and so successfully annihilated them by fire that the history of this extraordinary branch of the American race "for 2,000 years" was blotted out.

For three and a half centuries scholars have been trying to pick up the thread somewhere, and slowly Stephens, Brinton, Bowditch, Maudsley, Goodman, Maler, Charnay, Seler, Förstemann, and Spinden have been delving here and there for the key. Only the carvings on monuments and a few calendar books have been available for study, together with a supposed alphabet and some other crude data left by Landa. "The important thing resulting from the correlation explained in this paper," says Mr. Spinden, "is that we now have a day-for-day chronology for the key civilization of the New World in some respects more accurate than any classical record in the Old World."

As science has no closed trails—or should have none—every theory or statement must be given a hearing, and it is only reasonable in this connection to refer to the linguistic work of Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University as applied to the question of American pre-Columbian civilization. Professor Wiener disagrees entirely with Mr. Spinden as to the origin of the Maya and Aztec civilizations. And Mr. Spinden does not accept one iota of Professor Wiener's argument. Nevertheless, the statements of so eminent a linguist as Professor Wiener must be considered.

He maintains that these civilizations were derived at a comparatively late date (about the seventh century A.D.) from the Arabs through the Africans—the Negroes. He has traced a number of absolute linguistic agreements, and these have yet to be explained. Professor Wiener is about to publish a new book on the subject. The classification of American tribes and stocks having come down to a linguistic basis, it remains a question as to how far such classification can be trusted. Perhaps Professor Wiener's work may in a measure determine the answer.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

Wages and the Family

The Disinherited Family. By Eleanor F. Rathbone. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THE ironic anomalies of our present wage system have long puzzled the curious. Bachelors and fathers of large families receive the same wage, although their needs are patently different. Widows with children who work alongside of inefficient single men consistently receive less than the male workers, and if they complain are told that since men are the ones who have dependents they must be given the larger wage. What is even more extraordinary is that the reformers, in pressing the thoroughly sound claims of labor to a living wage, have urged that all male workers, whether bachelors or fathers of large families, should receive enough to maintain a family of five. This supposed divine average would, of course, be far more than the former needed, while it would be less than adequate for those with more than three dependent children. If, indeed, all of the 29,000,000 adult males who were gainfully employed in this country in 1920 had been paid enough to maintain a family of five, maintenance would have been provided for no less than 145,000,000 people. But since the census of that year showed a population of only 106,000,000, this would have meant provision for 39,000,000 phantom wives and children. Since the 6,000,000 adult women workers and the 5,000,000 employed juveniles at least earned their maintenance, the payment of the wage commonly claimed for the adult male workers would have resulted in provision for no fewer than 50,000,000 fictitious dependents.

Miss Rathbone has seen through these fallacies, and in an interesting volume she advocates the payment of allowances to families for their dependent children. Those with large families are thus protected, while it becomes unnecessary to pay single men a minimum wage which is more than sufficient to support themselves. Such allowances, in Miss Rathbone's opinion, may be granted either by the state or by private industry. If by the latter, it will of course be necessary, as in France, for the employers to form equalization funds to assess the cost of the allowance upon the various member firms in such a way as to afford little or no temptation for an employer to discriminate in giving employment against those with dependents. An especially valuable feature of the book is the description given of the striking developments in the field of family allowances in Europe since the war.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Communism and Christianity

Foundations of Christianity: A Study in Christian Origins. By Karl Kautsky. International Publishers Company. $4.

THE German original of this work, published seventeen years ago, has been translated without any attempt to bring the discussion of the subject down to date, although it has been a much-discussed subject during these years. And by the alchemy of Marxian theory the author, whose métier is socialism, transforms the early Christian movement into an ideal revolutionary communistic society. To say the least, the result is an unusual book. Emotional persons who "see red" on the slightest provocation may here discover the presence of insidious bolshevist propaganda. But the present volume makes its bid for attention as "an authoritative account of the origins of the Christian church." Let it be judged simply as that.

To readers accustomed to derive their information about the beginnings of Christianity from such widely accepted modern authorities as Harnack in Germany and McGiffert in America, the story told by Kautsky will often seem unintelligible, if not indeed absurd. In order to understand the rise of the new religion it is thought quite unnecessary to know anything about the person and teaching of Jesus. Probably even before his day the movement had existed as a "communistic beneficiary organization of the proletarians of Jerusalem." His role had been merely that of a bold agitator and rebel from Galilee who presently became its most prominent champion and martyr. The revolutionary group now clothed their hero in the garments of Jewish messianism, but in one important respect they differed from other Jewish revolutionists who looked for a messianic deliverer. The Christians aimed not simply at throwing off the Roman yoke but at the destruction of all rulers; "the passion which animated them was not race hatred but class hatred." Hatred of the rich, whether Jew or Gentile, was their one distinguishing characteristic. Thus their redeemer was an "international" figure, but their hoped-for

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redemption failed of realization. With the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. the messianic congregation lost its rebellious character and accordingly deteriorated. Its communism suffered decline because it was limited to consumption of goods and did not embrace production. But even more disastrous was the growth of organization in the Christian congregations, where wealth and class distinctions now received recognition. In spite of its ideal beginnings the new religion suffered a rapid decline when it abandoned its ambition to conquer the world for the proletariat. A harsh judgment is pronounced upon the Christian church: "In its victorious course the proletarian, communistic, beneficiary organization became transformed into the most tremendous instrument of domination and exploitation in the world."

To the historian of early Christianity whose professional training has involved much scrutiny of the total range of the extant documents, Kautsky's easy-going method of treating the sources will be simply astounding. Data that would be inconvenient for his theory are jauntily ignored. Perhaps even greater offense will be taken at his distortions of the data selected for use. The readiness with which he can read his own interests into his sources might well make him an object of envy on the part of every propagandist, whether theologian or politician, who looks backward for the prototype of his ideals.

To be sure, the free-lance is rarely a welcome visitor in the staid company of professional craftsmen, whether they are historians or members of any other well-established guild. Yet conceivably he may on occasion render a very useful service. His freedom from the conventions, his fresh approach, and his lack of interest in traditional conclusions may more than compensate for certain inevitable defects of professional technique. But he must be truly a free-lance and not merely a partisan masquerading as an angel of freedom in a new arena where his liberty of movement is only apparent because his own conventional machinery of control happens to be unfamiliar to his new audience. Truly scientific method in any field of research requires that one's findings shall be kept free from adulteration by personal likes and dislikes. Zeal for a cause, quite irrespective of the merits of the cause, inhibits genuine historical-mindedness. Our author is a champion, not a historian. His work falls far short of being a scientifically dependable reconstruction of the history of Christian origins.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

The Last of the Yeomen

The Life of William Cobbett. By G. D. H. Cole. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

LOST causes find friends among social prophets as well as among elegiac poets, for the wise know how frequently the future "is only the past again, entered through another gate." Those who, like Mr. Cole, are not satisfied with the plutocratic absolutism of the present industrial society will find encouragement in the efforts of William Cobbett to strangle it at birth. For Cobbett, the most popular British journalist of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, made articulate the cry of the dispossessed peasants who were the first factory workers for deliverance from the iron rule of the "lords of the spinning jenny," and for freedom to taste the fresh air of their native fields. Had he been successful in allying the new things in politics with the new things in economic life, England might have attained a century ago the industrial democracy for which Mr. Cole hopes. But he was defeated by the persistent and widespread fear of the French Revolution bugaboo, which drove the old lords of the land into the arms of the new lords of the factory. Nevertheless he made a solid beginning of the organization of British labor, which shows increasing promise of succeeding where Cobbett failed. Such is Mr. Cole's interpretation of the history of William Cobbett, which he considers representative of "the spiritual history of the common people of his day."

Not only is Cobbett's life a fascinating historical document; it is for a large part autobiography of the most racy sort, crowded with picturesque incident in America as well as in England. Cobbett championed the Old England of the independent yeoman; he personified it. He was "a strong, hale, stout man, with a ruddy countenance, a small laughing eye, and the figure of a respectable English farmer," clothed habitually in an obsolete "scarlet broadcloth waistcoat, with the flaps hanging down." A son of a small farmer of Surrey, he went to work in the fields at a tender age, when he was "hardly able to climb the gates and stiles," and "at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty." At fourteen, his curiosity concerning the strange title, "A Tale of a Tub," displayed in a bookseller's window, brought about his intellectual awakening. His adventurousness led him to a bitter experience of the brutalities and injustices of army life; and he tells how, in despair at the loss of a ha'penny which was to buy a supplement to his pitifully meager ration, "I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug and cried like a child." But his self-assurance and infinite capacity for hard work awed his incompetent superiors; "Did I not *wriggle* myself from a private soldier to a sergeant major, and if I had remained, with all my military notions, should I not have wriggled myself up to a general, in spite of all the birth and rank in the kingdom?" Such spirit in a class-conscious peasant was the stuff of which radicals were made in the reign of George III. And a radical Cobbett became; not from belief in the abstract rights of man, but unwillingly and slowly, in good British fashion, through repeated collision with "the system" of corruption in high places of the military, and then of the civil government. This stubborn adherence to the concrete made him, and not the theorizing middle-class Benthamites, the authentic voice of the masses. The British people bought his *Political Register* to the extent of forty or fifty thousand copies weekly, a circulation many times that of any other journal of the time. Against the handicaps of stamp taxes, imprisonment, and exile, Cobbett carried the agitation for parliamentary reform through the dangerous days of Tory coercion until he gleefully saw it forced on the reluctant Whigs; "They are compelled to adopt it, though they do not like it. They are going to be married to this reform. They are going to be married in a halter." Had the Reformed Parliament heeded Cobbett, and not the Benthamites, on questions of economic policy, there would probably have been no "hungry forties" and no need of a "Past and Present." Indeed Cobbett largely anticipated the economic gospel of his fellow-peasant Carlyle, who praised him as the "pattern John Bull of his century, strong as a rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin." His skin had need to be thick in those days of scurrilous and hard-hitting pamphleteering, when he provoked his foes by the "mingled storm of torturing sarcasm, contemptuous jocularity, and slaughtering invective" which has given him rank as one of the greatest of political controversialists. The failings of John Bull he had also in full measure: a boundless egotism, a distrust of foreigners, a love for bull-baiting, single-stick, and other brutal sports, and crotchety prejudices—especially against tea, potatoes, and Shakespeare, whom he professed to abominate because of his "bombast, puns, and smut."

Mr. Cole has criticized the biographical materials with admirable care and judgment, and has illuminated them with historical background. His book is a valuable addition to the rapidly increasing number of studies in the Napoleonic War and post-war period, which attracts the contemporary historian by so many striking analogies to the present period of the World War and its aftermath.

EMERY NEFF

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A Modern Cassandra

Secret Societies and Subversive Movements. By Nesta H. Webster. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.

A FEW years ago Mrs. Webster published a thick volume entitled "The French Revolution; A Study in Democracy," in which she advanced the rather startling thesis that the revolution was due not to the discontent of the proletariat, the ambitions of the bourgeoisie, the insolence of the nobility, the obstinacy of the court, or the bankruptcy of the treasury, but to a deep-laid conspiracy of secret agents of the Prussian king and the Duke of Orleans, inspired by the Bavarian Illuminati and the atheists of the "Encyclopaedia," to overthrow religion, patriotism, order, and decency, to ruin the best and kindest of kings, and to put human reason in the place of God. The immediate protests of critics against this interpretation of the revolution as a plot of free-masons and freethinkers apparently roused Mrs. Webster to replenish her arsenal of authorities in order to prove the imminent menace of secret subversive movements to every cherished institution of Western civilization. At the close of the World War she published a volume on "World Revolution" to show that that cataclysm was to be traced in the last analysis to the conspiracies of "illuminized" free-masonry; and now, as she says in her present preface, she has "felt impelled to devote one more book to the revolution as a whole, by going back this time further into the past and attempting to trace its origins from the first century of the Christian era. For it is only by taking a general survey of the movement that it is possible to understand the causes of any particular phase of its existence."

The sentence last quoted reveals the bold assumption of the author that all the revolutionary manifestations of the past twenty centuries have been part and parcel of the same continuous conspiracy of subversion ("the movement"), nurtured by the secret mysteries of the Jewish Cabbala, the Moslem Druses, the Christian Templars, Masonic lodges, Satanists, Rosicrucians, Stuhlherren, Illuminati, Vehmgerichte, and pacifistic humanitarianism. She has ransacked recondite records and explored obscure historians, and she has fully persuaded herself that we of the present day are living in a fool's paradise of fancied security, that we are "drifting along in an hypnotic sleep." Even so innocent a movement as the propaganda for Esperanto is part of the great conspiracy, for its object is to undermine loyalty to one's country by encouraging a universal vehicle of thought.

Readers of Mrs. Webster's former books are well instructed as to the "treasures" of civilization which she wishes to preserve. She defends the very abuses which have provoked revolutions and wars in the past—blind conservatism, aristocratic privilege, suspicious censorship, coercive orthodoxy. She out-Burkes Burke in the championship of the Old Régime. She abhors democracy, condemns the liberty of the press, and regards any effort to promote international peace as a betrayal of one's country. Mussolini is a hero because he "has restored the crucifix to the schools and religious teaching to the curriculum." "The perfectibility of human nature and universal brotherhood are the twin fallacies on which the whole philosophy of socialism has been built."

Mrs. Webster has devoted an immense amount of labor and marshaled an astounding number of citations to prove the existence of an "inner circle" of world revolutionists, supported by "Illuminati" who wish to undermine patriotism and by Jewish financiers who "hope to establish their empire on the ruins of Christian civilization." We must concede her scholarship, her sincerity, and her forceful presentation. Nevertheless we cannot but feel that all this effort is devoted to a thesis unworthy of its expenditure. We would not say that "much learning hath made her mad," but we think that much curious research to prove her assumption has served to strengthen the suspicions on which that assumption is based. And even if Mrs. Webster's worst fears were justified, the remedy which she suggests would be the very best encouragement of the evil. For she has nothing better to propose than the old device of forceful repression, which has driven reformers to revolution and substituted for orderly progress the cataclysm of armed revolt. She would have us return to the policy of the July Ordinances and the Carlsbad Decrees. Metternich and Senator Lusk are proper guardians of the sacred status quo. "A Department for the Investigation of Subversive Movements," she says, "should have a place in every ordered government." Congress might create a new Department of Delation and Persecution. The sheeted and hooded Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan as secretary of the new department would be a picturesque addition to the giants of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

Books in Brief

The Nature of Intelligence. By L. L. Thurstone. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

Owing to the incursion first of behaviorism and now of psychoanalysis, there has arisen a conflict of viewpoint as to whether psychology is *in esse* to concern itself with the source of living, that is, the desires and emotions, or with the mind or consciousness, or purely with the objective behavior which may be recorded by precision instruments. Now it is our good fortune to have Mr. Thurstone, a trained engineer and experimental psychologist, present us with a study of human conduct which recognizes and yet attempts to reconcile these three apparently divergent points of view.

Tibet Past and Present. By Sir Charles Bell. Oxford University Press. $7.

Sir Charles Bell, member of the Indian Civil Service and late British Political Representative in Tibet, Bhutan, and Sikkim, has had a longer and closer contact with things Tibetan than any other European, and he has written a very useful book. In its pages the general reader will find rich stores of facts, rather loosely set forth, without pretense of philosophical generalization. The special student of theology, geology, sociology, and other 'ologies will find but little that is new. One gathers the impression that Sir Charles himself is not much concerned about the history, religion, literature, or general culture of the Tibetans, save as those subjects enter into his one absorbing topic, Tibet as a frontier of India. We see in the naive working of his mind an alchemy that turns into "intrigue" and "double-dealing" all that is done in his chosen field by Russia, China, or Japan, while British diplomacy and war—well, these are straightforward, unimpeachable efforts to guard the great empire against any possible danger. When the British give money to a native ruler it is a subsidy. Other governments give bribes. Sir Charles does, indeed, grant that the Chinese exercise of force against Tibet in 1910-12 was a consequence of the Curzon War of 1904. Did not the irascible Viceroy charge the Chinese Government with laxity in holding Tibet to some absurd treaty arrangement? And did not his successor later receive the Dalai Lama when he fled from the Chinese, as he had, only a few years before, fled from the British machine-gunners? Poor Dalai Lama! If we are to follow the plain inferences of a tortuous story of sordid dealings on all sides, he will find safety only when he shall put himself and his people in the benevolent power of the British lion, which shields so many weaklings from other great beasts. Verily, little wars and big wars are engendering in remote places, scarce known even to the elite public which reads *The Nation.* They are being prepared by good men like Sir Charles Bell. Curzon saw only Russia in Lhassa. Now Bell sees there

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the yellow wraith of Japan as well. India will be really safe only when the empire shall have *no* frontiers.

Charles Lamb. A Play by Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In writing this drama Miss Brown has proved her fondness and reverence for Charles Lamb, but it is doubtful whether she will afford satisfaction to Lamb's other admirers. When Miss Brown claims the right to "play hob with time and place" in her handling of the events of Lamb's life, her claim is unanswerable. She is also within her artistic rights in allowing her fancy to exercise itself on such persons as Alice Winterton and Bartram, for history knows them only as the shadowy wraiths of Lamb's dreaming hours. But she is open to question when she focuses the light on the pathetic wanderings from mental sanity of Charles and his sister and does not even spare us from witnessing the ghastly spectacle of Mary's mad fit. Could the wealth of affection and tenderness in Lamb be shown in no other way than by dragging before the footlights what he himself hid so carefully from the knowledge of strangers? Miss Brown treats the situation with solicitous delicacy, but its painfulness cannot be obliterated. She lavishes much loving art upon her hero and succeeds remarkably well in bringing to life his whimsicality and his substantial humanity, but was it necessary in the process to reduce to poor automata the men of genius who moved in his circle? In the case of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt a certain observance of historical accuracy is desirable. It is not pleasant always to contemplate Coleridge as a pompous clergyman and it is something of a shock to hear him quote from the "Hebrew Melodies" in 1796! Hazlitt (in the same year) is not permitted to open his mouth without foolishly sputtering the name of Napoleon, and Leigh Hunt, being then in sober fact eleven years of age, is brought in as the publisher of Lamb's lampoon on the Regent, anticipating history by sixteen years. With all due regard for the artist's rights, we maintain that in the composition of a play like this some consideration is owing to the other distinguished figures and that the offense which is here given could easily have been avoided. The initiated reader will also feel annoyed by the discharge in an unbroken profusion of the sallies and witticisms which he knows to have been spread over many a Wednesday evening. It gives the effect of a false professional brilliancy to a humor that should bubble up unexpectedly from the ground of serious conversation.

Frances Wright. By William Randall Waterman. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Frances Wright, who was born in Scotland in 1795, belongs in spirit and activity to the humanitarians of the early nineteenth century. She was one of the exceptional women of her period, and was so well known both in this country and in Europe that in reading Mr. Waterman's admirable biography one marvels she should have remained in such comparative obscurity. It was doubtless the very catholicity of her interests which prevented any one cause from bringing her forward as its pioneer heroine, lest it be obliged to carry the burden of her advocacy of other unpopular ideas. She was not primarily a feminist but an intrepid, unconventional, pioneering type of woman. Her vigorous, inquiring mind questioned the established attitudes and customs regarding race, religion, property, and sex. She believed in the perfectibility of humankind and her recipes for achieving the ultimate Utopia varied with the periods of her life. She first was for political action; later her faith centered on economic reorganization; and finally the emphasis was placed on freeing thought through educational reforms. These transitions seem to have been in some degree influenced by her successive association with various intellectual men. She was a hero-worshiper, and her social philosophy appears to have taken the color of whichever hero was in the ascendant. There is interesting material in this life for a biography done in the manner of Strachey's study of Florence Nightingale. But Mr. Waterman's biography is not one of psychological interpretation; it is a careful and scholarly piece of research, well documented, and presented in a clear and agreeable style.

Rational Diet. By Otto Carqué. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Press. $5.

This is "an advanced treatise on the food question." The author declares that he has been a close student of the science of nutrition for the last thirty years and that his writings are well known. Well known to whom? He stresses the value of "organized mineral elements or organic salts." "The wonderful creative work of nature throughout the plant and animal world is largely due to the actions and reactions of the mineral salts and their vibratory forces." His 536 pages are filled with detailed expositions of "vibratory forces," "organic salts," and other jargon that is neither science nor English. Christian, McFadden, and McCann are lumped indiscriminately with McCollom and Funk. We are told that "electronic vibration is the material life of the cell"; and that "the principal role of food is not simply to be digested and oxidized, as present-day physiology assumes, but to supply vital electricity and magnetism" (shades of Abrams!). We are here obviously dealing with a man who digests his food badly, whose knowledge of the science of nutrition is at a minimum, and whose medieval mind attempts to cope with modern science. Result: farce and tragedy mixed.

The Evolution of French Canada. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The presence of two races in Canada with two cultures and two languages has produced a certain amount of friction. English writers have generally had the better opportunity to present their case because they were writing for readers with sympathetic preconceptions. But in 1918 William Henry Moore, son of a Baptist clergyman of Ontario, published "The Clash!", a brilliant presentation of the case for French Canada. Mr. Bracq's book, the work of a European French Protestant, is a further contribution to the subject. He has not Mr. Moore's brilliance or literary style, and he encumbers his book with too frequent quotations not always selected with critical judgment. But he deals with a subject of such interest and importance, and one which at the same time has been so neglected, that his book should prove a valuable aid to the study of those various ethnic groups that will eventually combine to become a distinct American civilization, neither French nor British. Whether or not that coming civilization shall be a reflection of the present Anglo-Saxon (so called) passion for standardization will depend largely on how long the French wedge can resist the steam-roller of uniformity; history teaches that the resistance will be long.

The Essential American Tradition. Compiled and with an Introduction by Jesse Lee Bennett. George H. Doran Company. $3.

The "essential tradition" which Mr. Bennett expounds in the first hundred pages of this volume appears to be a compound of individualism in politics and social matters, a theory of government fundamentally that of compact, an inclination toward liberalism if not an altogether consistent practice of it, and, of course, such novelty as inheres in the federal system and the forms of State government. Following the introduction are some 250 pages of extracts and notes in which the development of the tradition is illustrated or explained. The book will not be without usefulness for those who have occasion to punctuate or enliven their discourses on public questions with quotations from the great or near great, and Mr. Bennett's own contribution, while given to resounding rhetoric, contains a good deal of shrewd and informing comment on the

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strong and weak points of the American system, but the work as a whole belongs in the class of books which, if they are to be taken at all, are to be tasted rather than read.

Collected Papers, Vol. III. By Sigmund Freud. *Case Histories.* Authorized Translation by Alix and James Strachey. London: The Hogarth Press. 30 shillings.

This is perhaps the most interesting of the volumes which are to comprise the complete works of Freud in English.

An Anthology of Medieval Latin. Chosen by Stephen Gaselee. London: Macmillan and Company. 7/6.

A cross-section, as charming as it is learned, of popular Latin considered historically. Mr. Gaselee begins with the spoken dialect of towns as old as Pompeii, and comes down—lingering longest, of course, in the Middle Ages—as far as 1916, to a war letter written by a Swiss Benedictine. The volume is the first in its field and should prove extremely useful.

Drama

"Siegfried"

"SIEGFRIED," the new German movie now playing at the Century Theater, is by no means so eccentrically original in technique as either "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" or even "The Last Laugh." Yet for persons interested in those much-talked-of possibilities of the movies—which, by the way, are rapidly becoming as old a story as the youth of America—it should be equally interesting. When the effects which it obtains are superior to those in the usual American film they are so because of the exercise of general artistic intelligence rather than because of ingenious technical devices, and in consequence the methods employed are applicable to the treatment of a great variety of materials instead of being suited, as was the case with the other pictures mentioned, only to stories belonging to a particular *genre*.

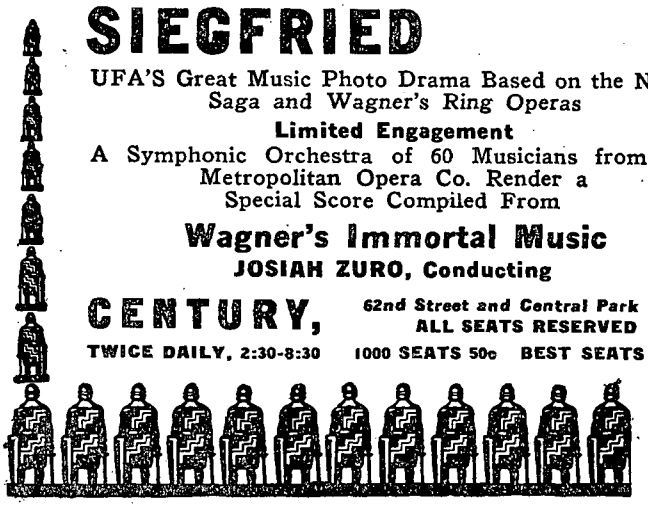
In the first place, the makers of "Siegfried" have striven for that unity of style in their backgrounds which is generally so completely lacking in moving pictures. Whereas the worst writer in the world is compelled, by the limitations of his own temperament, to make his descriptions represent to some slight extent one particular view of the world, the eye of the camera, unfortunately, sees everything and reproduces everything with equal clarity and equal emphasis. The actual historic spot where a thing occurred is usually the worst place on earth to act it out for the simple reason that it is generally so cluttered up with irrelevant details and irrelevant objects as to scatter the attention completely. The photograph of it represents the scene accurately but it does not, as every work of art must, represent it as seen through a temperament; for a lens has no temperament. And when, as is usually the case, this lens is turned, in the course of a single picture, now upon, let us say, the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, now upon a painted studio set, and now upon a stretch of California sand which is supposed to resemble the Sahara Desert, there is added a confusion similar to that which would be produced in a novel if the descriptive passages were written alternately by Theodore Dreiser, Anatole France, and Ethel M. Dell. This fact alone would be sufficient to explain why there are very few movies which, whatever spectacular or other effect they may contain, can be said to exist at all as works of art, since there can be no art without some unity of style. Realizing this difficulty, the directors of "Siegfried" have used only carefully selected natural scenes and used those very sparingly. For the most part they have constructed what they wanted, and they have seen to it that these constructed sets, usually simple in outline and mass, represent a consistent conception of a setting for their legend. Some of the scenes are very striking, some by no means so good, but they hang together and they have a style.

In the second place, those responsible for "Siegfried" have made some advance in skill in the general conduct of a picturized narrative. Most movies, though they may have exciting scenes of combat or chase, seem to me devoid of any cumulative dramatic power. With all their quick shifting of scene, their cut-backs and their close-ups, they do not achieve much arrangement or emphasis; when the hero opens the door of a taxicab the action seems just as significant as that when he faces the seducer of his wife. In "Siegfried" too there are passages of this meandering, pointless narrative; but there are also many scenes, like the sequence of three or four showing the death of the central character, which have real power.

Finally, full advantage has been taken of the unrivaled opportunity for providing an adequate musical score. The task of adapting Wagner was by no means easy, since the film, following a different version of the legend from that upon which the operas were based, has comparatively few scenes corresponding to any treated by Wagner; but Hugo Riesenfeld has done an exceedingly clever job in fitting passages from the various parts of the "Ring" as well as from "Lohengrin" to the movie, and it is, indeed, difficult to estimate just how much of the effect which the whole produces would be left if the picture were seen in perfect silence.

Four-fifths of all the moving pictures I have seen in the last ten years have bored me profoundly, and this remark applies as well to those playing regular engagements in Broadway houses as to those ordinary pictures described by their producers as no more than mere "extra super-features." "Siegfried," music and picture together, I found highly enjoyable.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ THEATER □

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International Relations Section

A Bulgarian Protest

WE print below a protest against the attitude of the Bulgarian Government toward political murders signed by the Parliamentary Group and the Executive Committee of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria. It was printed in the *Agrarian Banner*, the only paper which the real left-wing opposition is allowed to publish. The Communists have no paper; they are outlawed as a party and their property has been confiscated. The Socialists have two dailies which have finally begun, within the last few weeks, a serious campaign against the Tsankoff Government. Of the fifteen newspapers published at Sofia, only three unreservedly support the Government and eight unreservedly oppose it:

To the Minister-President and to the President of the National Assembly:

The Parliamentary Group and the Executive Committee of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria at a union meeting held August 4 and 5 took up the question of the murder of prominent Agrarian leaders, the complete disappearance of others, and the killing of still others because of alleged attempts to escape, and

1. Inasmuch as political murders have not ceased but are rather occurring in ever-increasing numbers and with greater and greater frequency and always in a way which points to personal and partisan vengeance;

2. Inasmuch as the perpetrators of these murders are not discovered;

3. Inasmuch as peace cannot be restored to the nation by such murders, which instead of pacifying the people only implant hatred and party malignity and revenge deeper in their hearts;

4. Inasmuch as these murders undermine the stability of the state, impair the authority of the government, and destroy the confidence of the people in the legal order established by the laws of the land;

5. Inasmuch as these murders, by taking away the most precious possession of human kind, namely, life, disturb the peace, hinder the normal development, and jeopardize the welfare of the Bulgarian people;

6. Inasmuch as these murders, by destroying social solidarity and established order and judicial procedure in the state, blacken and defile the good name of Bulgaria before the civilized world;

And inasmuch as (a) the people connected with the Agrarian League live in the constant nightmare of wholesale persecutions, illegal arrests, imprisonment and murders; since (b) more than thirty National Representatives in the present and former sessions of Parliament, among whom are several former ministers, are no longer among the living, although they have never been brought to trial and no legal sentence has ever been pronounced upon them; and since (c) during the last few days there have been added to the list of the killed the names of two more National Representatives, members of the present Assembly, namely, George Kosovsky and Marin Popoff, although neither we nor the public have been informed as to any guilt of theirs;

In view of all this we declare:

1. That we have not been and are not capable of becoming defenders of criminals, whatever circle they may belong to, but we demand that their punishment, however severe it may be, be imposed by proper judicial authorities according to established and legal methods of procedure;

2. And we proudly and boldly affirm that the members of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria from the first to the last love our country, prize her independence, hold her liberty dear, and value our own labor and property and are ready to oppose any one who dares to lay hands on her freedom and institutions.

We raise our voice before the Government and responsible factors in our country in protest against the placing of the people connected with the Agrarian League outside the laws.

We demand:

1. That the Government fulfil its duty by stopping and preventing political murders;

2. By finding and punishing all those who are guilty of the political murders which have already occurred;

3. That immunity be guaranteed to the National Representatives and freedom to all politicians so that they be able correctly to express the will of the people.

We appeal to all parliamentary groups and to the executive committees of all the political parties to support this protest so as to establish real peace and constitutional order in the country.

President of the
Parliamentary Group: DR. IL. KARADJOFF
Vice-President: L. ILIEFF
Secretary: PETER MINOFF

The Executive Committee of the National Agrarian League of Bulgaria:

Secretary: DELIOU K. GEORGIEFF
Members: K. TOMOFF
G. MARKOFF

Sofia, August 5, 1925

The following obituary notice, printed in the same issue of the *Agrarian Banner*, describes the circumstances surrounding the death of one of the Agrarian deputies. It is typical of the murders and disappearances which have become a commonplace of Bulgarian public life since the uprising which put the present regime in office.

Marin Popoff, a National Representative from Sevlievo, was often threatened with death. His anxiety increased as his intimate companions, who were also leaders in the Agrarian movement, kept disappearing one by one, and especially after he had been told in a roundabout way that he also had been sought. At the opening of Parliament he came to Sofia and as long as the session lasted he was comparatively safe. As the session was drawing to a close we insistently urged him to stay in Sofia and not to return to his home town, where he would be in greater danger. But after the deceased had hung around in the capital for a week with nothing to do, he could no longer bear to think of his unsprayed vineyard and his unharvested wheat, so he went home; and there he was publicly murdered, pierced by nine bullets, on July 27, in the presence of men, women, and children as he was threshing with the cooperative separator the wheat which he had raised with his own hands and which was to feed himself and his family this winter.

He was a well-disciplined leader and displayed great character in his struggles for the Agrarian movement. For that reason his political opponents decided to dispose of him.

Thousands of the fighters, prophets, and apostles of the Agrarian movement have become victims of this tempestuous night which for so long has shrouded Bulgaria in darkness. But the Agrarian movement is not to be extinguished. It shall not die. In the place of the thousands who have fallen, new thousands will spring up to complete the unfinished task.

We extend our sympathies to the parents, wife, and children of our murdered comrade.

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE NATIONAL AGRARIAN LEAGUE OF BULGARIA

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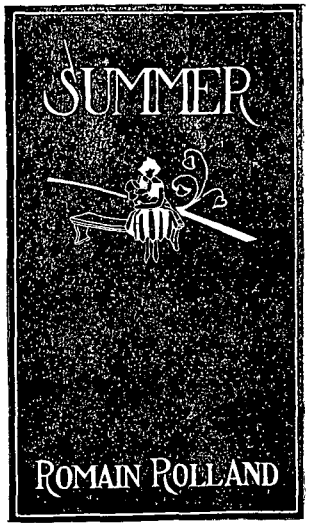

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Mexico's Agricultural Slump

AT the opening session of a national congress which met in the city of Mexico on August 18, under government auspices, for the purpose of dealing with the problem created by the acute agricultural depression which prevails generally throughout Mexico, a letter was read from Luis Cabrera, who for several years was Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of President Carranza. Mr. Cabrera, whose ability as a financier and an economist and as a close student of governmental and social conditions in Mexico is widely recognized in the United States and throughout Latin America, has been closely connected with the Mexican revolution since its beginning. He was one of the pioneer agitators for land reform in Mexico and has favored the cutting up of large haciendas and the distribution of arable land among small farmers. Mr. Cabrera placed the blame for the straits in which agricultural development and production in Mexico finds itself upon the manner in which the agrarian policy of the revolution has been carried out. The following extracts from his letter explain his position:

Among the reasons for the deficiency in the production of cereals in Mexico, the principal one, the responsibility for which rests upon the revolutionaries, is the agrarian policy which has been followed for the past five years. By this I do not mean to say that the agrarian policy of the revolution [to provide small landholdings] has been a mistake. I believe that it is necessary to continue to distribute common lands to the communities which lack them, but I affirm that the manner in which the agrarian laws have been applied during the past five years has been disastrous and calculated to produce effects contrary to those aimed at. . . . That is to say, the agrarian program has considerably reduced the cultivated area of the country and has exercised a depressing effect upon the spirit of enterprise of both the large and the small farmers.

In short, the rational solution of the agrarian problem of Mexico consists in placing at the disposition of communities which need them sufficient lands to meet the agricultural necessities of their inhabitants. Concretely, the problem should be solved by taking from the large landowners uncultivated lands and placing them at the disposition of rural communities that are in a position to cultivate them. Instead of this, the present policy is to take from the landowners lands which are under cultivation and give them to rural communities which do not cultivate them. It is unnecessary for me to state in detail the innumerable errors which have occurred in the application of the agrarian laws.

During the past five years the ruling motives which have controlled the administration of the agrarian policy have been the small personal ambitions of the recently created petty headmen of the rural communities, which have been made to serve the political ambitions of municipalities and towns. Under these conditions the demands for community lands have been controlled by the desires of the inhabitants of rural communities, and these desires have been satisfied only at the expense of the small landowners whose properties are situated in the immediate vicinity of the rural communities.

It may be stated as a fact that in a majority of cases the distribution of common lands has affected the small proprietors, who possess no means of defending their interests before either the local authorities or the National Agrarian Commission, while the holdings of the great landowners have been preserved virtually intact.

Another of the gravest errors of the agrarian policy as thus far carried out has consisted in permitting, by preference, distributions of common lands from lands already under cultivation. The effect of this is obvious, for while the large farmer,

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The contest closes October 15, 1925

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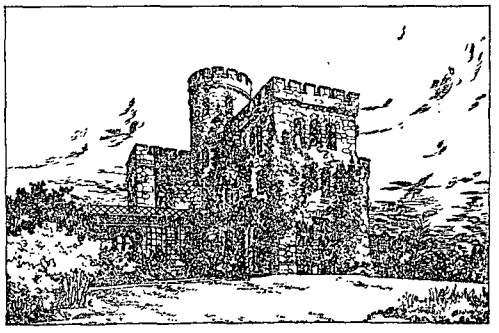

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be he good or bad, possesses sufficient working capital, oxen, and implements for the cultivation of his property and some possibility of obtaining financial assistance if he requires it, the newly endowed proprietors of community lands lack any and all of these advantages. The result is that every allotment of community lands signifies a decrease in the area of land under cultivation, so much so that when the National Agrarian Commission, or the Secretary of Agriculture, by way of boasting of the results of their work, publishes the statistics showing the amount of land which has been distributed for commons, one who examines these figures sees and realizes that just so many thousands of hectares of cultivated lands have been withdrawn from national production.

Recently the demand for commons, or the political necessities on the part of the Government for providing them, has been considerably extended, even to the degree of bestowing the character of legally organized towns or hamlets upon small groups of peoples who before had not even thought of participating in the distribution of commons. I mention this principally for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that, in order to create a situation under which commons might be distributed, the practice has grown up of designating as towns all small communities, even when they have no right to participate in such distribution, as legally organized *congregaciones*, that is, towns of communal origin.

The result has been that the greater part of the little groups of farmhouses in the country, tenanted by field workers employed by the landowners, with the approval of the local politicians and authorization many times given blindly by the state legislatures have sought to obtain commons taken from the same land upon which these fictitious communities have been organized, in direct violation of the law. These so-called *congregaciones* are such only because they have been so designated by the local officials or because in rare cases a special charter has been extended to them by the state legislatures, "in order that they may enjoy the benefits of the agrarian laws."

I might point out many other errors or aberrations in the manner in which the agrarian laws have been applied, but I desire to limit myself solely to those which have produced the greatest lack of confidence among the agriculturists and which restrain them from commencing productive work, which many times ties up their capital for two or three years before it is possible for them to realize their profits, if, indeed, there are any in prospect.

The complete lack of confidence at present which exists toward all agricultural activities, which also includes the investment of Mexican capital in agricultural enterprises, is a fact which cannot be denied. The natural effect of this absence of confidence is displayed in the failure of the landowners to place or retain their lands under cultivation and in the consequent shortage in the production of cereals. I refrain from commenting upon the disinclination of foreigners, especially Americans, to acquire agricultural lands in Mexico under existing conditions, for this phase of the situation is without the scope of the problem which the present Congress proposes to study.

In next week's issue of

The International Relations Section

China's Note of June 24 to the powers, charging the foreign police in Shanghai with responsibility for the killing of Chinese students.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE W. NORRIS is chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. He exposed the deal by which valuable government property at Muscle Shoals would have been given to private interests.

PAUL BLANSHARD, field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, is in China investigating the student movement.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, author of "Up Stream" and contributing editor of *The Nation*, has been in Palestine writing a book which is about to be published by Boni and Liveright.

JAMES RORTY was one of the winners of *The Nation's* poetry contest in 1921.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of historical sociology at Smith College.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH is an explorer and author. He wrote "The North Americans of Yesterday," "Frémont and '49," etc.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS teaches economics at the University of Chicago. He is the author of "Wages and the Family."

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE is chairman of the department of church history at Bates College.

EMERY NEFF is the author of "Carlyle and Mill."

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